

From the Eclectic Review.

1. *A Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of England.*

By CHARLES DAVID BADHAM, M. D. London: Reeve and Co.

2. *Illustrations of British Mycology.* By Mrs. T. J. HUSSEY. London: Reeve and Co.

NOTHING grows in vain. Not a genus nor a species exists in the whole vegetable world to which some office has not been assigned by the Creator. The heath on the mountain top, the bare and scanty herbage of the rock, the moss on the hedge bank, the lichen on the forest bough, and the fungus flourishing in the darkest and dimmest recess of impenetrable woods, have each their generation to serve, their place in the scale of being to occupy, and their ordained task to fulfil. Let us take heed, therefore, how we pour contempt upon the lowest organization which the Former of all things has been pleased to produce, and to endow with the functions of life. What he has created, says one, let not us think unworthy of investigation. Why, then, have we despised the humble family of the fungi? Are they without desirable form and comeliness, are they without delicacy of structure, and singularity of organization, or, finally, are they without direct and indirect value to mankind? These are questions the present article intends to deal with, and to each of which it will furnish a suitable reply.

It is not difficult to account for the popular disgust entertained towards the fungi. This will be very apparent when we add that the botanical family called by this title, includes "mushrooms," "mouldiness," and "toad-stools." Offensiveness of character, habits, aspect, and odor, have thus become associated with this tribe of plants in the general estimation; and, although much of a contrary nature will be adduced in the following pages, we must, on behalf of the fungi, plead largely guilty to this indictment on the whole. Our object, however, is not to represent these plants as they are not, but to contribute to a true appreciation of them as they are—as, let it be added, they have been constituted by Him who nothing made in vain, and for whose pleasure, and for the manifestation of whose glory, even the lowly fungi are and were created.

Overcoming, therefore, every natural repugnance, let us enter upon the discussion of what, we little doubt, will prove both an entertaining and an instructive subject, for many of the marvels of creation not unfrequently lie under a repulsive exterior. Let us then put the important preliminary question upon the nature of the tribe of plants to which attention is to be called; and inquire, what is a fungus? There is its botanical diagnosis—it is, says a great fungologist, a *cellular, flowerless plant, nourished through its thallus; living in*

air; propagated by spores colorless or brown, and sometimes enclosed in asci destitute of green gonidia!

But as all our readers are not equally familiar with the terms of botanical science, let us state the natural idea prevailing in and characterizing the fungal family, in homelier language. The fungi, then, are plants which know not the sweet adornments of flowers, along whose delicate and fragile tissues run no wooden bands to give permanence and stability to the stem, or strength to their strange fantastic forms, growing often upon the graves of their dead companions, and nourished from a couch of irregular vegetable fibres. They are maintained in the world either by means of tiny granules, shed from certain parts of the plants, and often wafted on the gentlest breeze, far from their place of origin, or by the underground part called the "spawn." Finally, they love not wholesome earth; nor delight to rest upon the green and sappy branches of trees, in full vigor, as do some plants; their dwelling-place is among the dead, and their chosen haunts are where animal and vegetable organizations are prostrate around them, and in the full process of disintegration and decay. Fungi are thus seen to differ from the general run of plants, in being destitute of flowers and woody tissue, in their reproduction by spores, and in their favorite habitat, lying among the damps and streams, and mal-odors of animal and vegetable decay. They have no structures analogous to the branches, roots, stem, and leaves of flowering plants, and consist entirely of a variously-shaped and tinted mass of cellular structure. Various other features of their physiological history will come before us in the course of this article.

It may be useful to add, that botanists call by the term *Volva* the portion of a fungus placed in the earth. The mushroom is also distinguished into a *stalk*, a *pileus*, or cap, on the under surface of which are the *gills*. Hence, the upper end of the stalk is a circular shred of membrane called the *ring*, and when a membrane springs from the upper part of the stalk, and covers the under surface of the cap, it is called the *veil*. These are the principal parts of a common fungus.

Under chemical investigation, at the hands of some of our most expert continental chemists, the following has been the result. Fungi consist of a large percentage of water, cellulose, nitrogenized principles, three in number, fatty matters, sugar, aromatic substance, sulphur, silex, potash, and of an undetermined substance, which turns brown on exposure to air. Behold! O epicure, what chemistry says of thy *truffles*! Housekeeper, and domestic pickler—of thy *mushrooms*! and dabbler in ink—of the mouldy islands floating on the dark bosom of thy writing fluid!

These will, perhaps, be accepted as satisfactory replies to the inquiry as to the nature of fungi. Let us now proceed to the more interesting departments of their natural history. The prevailing popular idea of these plants appears to be, that they are all comprised in the familiar class called mushrooms. Few have the remotest idea of the number and variety of the species, and of their remarkable dissimilarity from each other. While some are the pride and the glory of the market-gardener, and are displayed by him with peripheries as large as a cheese-plate, others are his unrecognized but well-known enemies in the fruit-room, and rise in fanciful elegance and of microscopic structure upon the withering dainties he has there stored up. While, again, some intrude unwelcomely upon the romance of the deep forest dell, others dwell in the wine-cellar; and not a few, to the aggravation of the housewife, revel upon the rich dainties of the preserve-closet. Lastly, while some attain a weight of several pounds, others float in the air like a thin smoke, and are wholly inappreciable by the most delicate balances. From these statements, it will be sufficiently apparent, that to suppose all fungi typified by the mushrooms, is an error well deserving an ample refutation. Few plants, in fact, exhibit such an extensive range of growth and variety of aspect.

There are, probably, no fewer than from 4,000 to 5,000 species of fungi which have a place in the records of mycological* science. This immense horde of these plants appears scattered throughout almost all regions; no country or clime but has its fungal inhabitants; and neither can art contrive, nor nature contain, any place to which they will not or may not penetrate. The first plant of this order, discovered by the eminent botanist, Withering, was found by him on the top of St. Paul's cathedral; this plant was the *Ge-astrum*. Another was found by Sir Joseph Banks in the following rather annoying position; having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine matter it contained might be decomposed by age; at the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, but on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it in consequence of some powerful obstacle; the door was, consequently, cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm that it was necessary to use the axe for its removal. This appeared to have grown firmer, or to have been nourished, by the decomposing particles of the wine, the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the fungus. The vaults of the London Docks are not less the choice abodes of these creatures than are the rotting heaps of manure by the open way-side, for there they cover the walls with a dense, shaggy coating, and embrace the venerable casks with a living raiment.

* *Mycos*, the Greek designation for fungus.

Some love stone, some timber, some find a congenial birth-place in the marble *detritus* of the sculptor, and some, alas! have an appetite for the vegetable fibre of our joists and frame-work, and imperil the stability of many a noble monument of architectural skill by their invincible ravages.

Strange to say, some are not only parasitic upon vegetable, but even upon animal organisms. The vegetable wasp, a species of *Polystrix*, which constitutes so remarkable a fact in the natural history of the West India Islands, is an instance where the powers of fungal life have overcome even those of animal vitality. The insect becomes filled with the filaments of the plant which thrives upon its juices, and penetrates to the minutest cavities of its body, ultimately projecting out of it, and communicating a highly singular aspect to the creature. The silkworm is subject to a similar disease, and perishes in large numbers by the ravages of a fungus, which occupies every portion of its body. Even the common house-fly is invaded by this vegetable infection; and when it is seen, as often it may be, in the autumn, sticking to the window-frame, apparently half enveloped in a whitish cloud, it will be found that a fungal has filled its body, and now reigns victorious in the place of all the beautiful organs of the insect structure which have perished before it. The larva of a New Zealand moth is attacked also by a parasitic fungus, which enters it, perhaps, by some of the breathing pores, or spiracles, or by the mouth, and, feeding upon its fluid parts, speedily replaces the whole interior by a mass of vegetable filaments. Man himself is not exempt from their invasion. On the removal of bandages from sore surfaces, says one writer, a collection of funguses has been found growing upon them, generally about the size of the finger, and on readjusting the wrappings, a second crop came up in the course of twenty-four hours, and this for several days consecutively. Dr. Bennet informs us, that a species of fungus occasionally grows within the air-tubes of the human lungs when they are in a diseased condition. They sometimes appear on the surface of the body during the occurrence of some cutaneous eruptions. Speculators in etiology have at times attributed the occurrence of epidemics to the dispersion of the spores of minute fungi in the air, which are supposed to be inhaled into the lungs, and so obtain access to the vital organs of the body. We may reasonably mention the probability of such a doctrine, and deny to the funguses the distinction of being in these cases the morbid cause. Cholera itself—that direct destroyer of the human family, which, in the course of its thirty-two years of existence, has swept away not fewer than between sixty and seventy millions of the human race—was strenuously asserted by more than one learned physician to be a fungal disease. Fungous growths have been found in the air-cells of the lungs of an elder duck and flamingo, without, we believe, the coexistence of any class of disease. Thus much is very certain; and we may adopt the language of Fries as giving

a precise expression of the fact, "that their spiracles are so numerous, in a single individual I have reckoned above ten millions; so subtle, they are scarce visible to the naked eye, and often resemble thin smoke; so light, raised perhaps by evaporation into the atmosphere, and are dispersed in so many ways by the attraction of the sun, insects, wind, electricity, adhesion, &c., that it is difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded." There is, therefore, no impossibility in the supposition that they may obtain access to the most secret recesses of the animal structure; although, as a cause of disease, it is impossible to understand their *modus operandi*, or to give any valid reasons for assigning any such influence at all to them. Among fungi of this class, we must also not forget to mention the *Oxygena equina*, which has the odd fancy for fastening itself on the hoofs of horses and on the horns of cattle.

When we mention that several of the blights of the cereal plants, wheat and others, are due to fungous parasites upon vegetable structures, we shall sufficiently announce the alarming relation which is occupied by these despised plants to the well-being, or even the existence, of mankind. The kinds known as the *Uredos* and *Pucciniae*, are among the most formidable visitations that can befall a corn district. Ask the farmer what he thinks of the "smut" in his corn, or of the "rust" and "red-robin," and there will be unfolded such a tale of woe, such a history of ruin and calamity, as will convey a painful impression of the enormous devastation wrought by a species or two of microscopical fungi. The researches of Mr. Hasall have demonstrated that the decay of fruit is, in a great measure, produced by them, and when the process has commenced, they then fatten upon the rotting matters.

When our beer becomes mothery, (quaintly remarks Dr. Badham,) the mother of that mischief is a fungus. If pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns rosy and putrefies, funguses have a finger in it all. Their reign stops not here—they prey upon each other; they even select their victims. There is the *Myrothecium viride*, which will only grow upon dry agarics, preferring chiefly for this purpose the *A. adustus*; the *Mucor chrysospermus*, which attacks the flesh of a particular *Boletus*; the *Sclerotium cornutum*, which visits some other moist mushrooms in decay. There are some *Xylomas* that will spot the leaves of the maple, and some those of the willow, exclusively. The naked seeds of some are found burrowing between the opposite surface of leaves. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants and suck them dry.—*Esculent Funguses of England*, p. 8.

These fungi, we must repeat, are excessively minute, or even microscopic in point of size. From experiment, it appears that their spores, or their fine contents, actually penetrate the stomata, or breathing orifices, of the plants, entering thus into their structure, where they rapidly become developed, and fulfil their destructive mission.

They have been, on this account, called *entophyta*, just as the creatures which inhabit living animal structures have been termed *entozoa*.

Let us now spend a few moments in vindicating the character of fungals in respect of beauty of color. Where the wind sweeps over the untilled Highlands of the North, where the soil has not strength to bear the exhaustive growth of the cereals, and rears a tribe of humble heaths or feeble mosses as its tallest children—there, at the due season, will be found a fungus whose gorgeous apparel bears comparison with that of the richest flower, and exceeds the highest efforts of the colorist's art. This fungus is the *Agaricus muscarius*, growing in a canopy of splendid scarlet, contrasted with a stalk and gills of the purest ivory. But woe to him who partakes of this inviting plant. If it does not destroy him, it will plunge him into a state of intoxication bordering upon lunacy. At the borders of the woods, particularly under the shelter of oaks, will be found another fungus, the *Cantharellus Cibarius*, whose tincture might compare with that of many a more conspicuous occupant of our gardens: from spring-time to autumn its golden form may be seen glowing in the position described, and inviting the hand of the by-passer—nor in this case with a treacherous aspect, for it is as excellent in taste as it is beautiful in its yellow tinging. But these, lovely though they be, fade in the presence of some specimens of the *Boletus luridus*: here is a truly splendid fungal, the summit a snowy mound of velvet, lined with purple shaded into gold, and supported on a stalk passing from orange into the full lustre of a regal purple. This, too, is a magnificent enemy to the human economy. The *Agaricus violaceus* glories in beauty of another dye: it is of a dark violet, approaching to black, glossed over with a most peculiar coppery lustre, which no art can truly render; and it, we may add, is not only an esculent, but possesses a peculiarly rich flavor.

Upon pieces of the corrugated bark of oaks, in autumn, may sometimes be found a curious fungal of another variety of beauty: this looks more like pieces of orange strewed carelessly here and there over the bark, and altogether presents a very singular aspect. Principally under old oaks may be found, from July to November, a fungus which is gayest of the gay. "Few Agarics," writes Mrs. Hussey, "can boast of so excellent a development as this, whether the garb it selects for the nonce be of a lovely rose-color, or pervaded with lilac, having a changeable effect, or blotched, like a striped camelia, with rich crimson and white, according to the screen it has received from neighboring plants in its growth. Each of these various colors, at various times and places, adorns the pileus, relieving it from the pure white gills below. It gives no warning by its scent, or by any other external circumstances, of its deleterious quality. If the *ignoramus* should be tempted to taste, for a few moments all appears harmless, for it is tardily acid; but it fully makes up for the

delay, as the tortured investigator, with burning lips and fauces, and tearful eyes, seeks in vain for alleviation. If not swallowed, however, the effect shortly subsides." Upon yews and plumb-trees, in the summer-time, may often be seen a fungus which has all the aspect of a mass of sulphur. Another, as common among the sweet turf as can be, though a minute fungus, boasts a glorious garb of orange and blood-red. High up in young oaks, in September, may be seen the "liver of the oak"—a fungal as near like the human tongue as can well be imagined, and hence termed by M. Paulet an eloquent tongue, proclaiming its own excellence, and inviting the passenger to eat it. Says Dr. Badham, "It is so like a tongue in shape and general appearance, that in the days of enchanted trees, you would not have cut it off to pickle, or to eat on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come to claim it of you." But the doctor forgets that such an unhappy victim of mycological research would not be able to make his demand saving in dumb show! "The surface is rough with elevated papillæ; the structure fibrous; the flesh softly elastic; the color bright red, looking like the tongue in the worst forms of gastro-enteritis!"

As to shape, what geometry shall succeed in defining their ever-varying outlines?

Some are simple threads, like the *Bysnus*, and never get beyond this; some shoot out into branches, like seaweed; some puff themselves out into puff-balls; some thrust their heads into mitres; these assume the shape of a cup; and those of a wine-funnel; some, like *Ag. mammorus*, have a teat; others, like the *Ag. Clypeolarius*, are umbonated at their centre; these are stilted upon a high leg, and those have not a leg to stand upon; some are shell-shaped, many bell-shaped; and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig; some assume the form of a horse's hoof; others of a goat's beard; in the *Clathrus cancellatus* you look into the fungus through a thick red trellis, which surrounds it. Some exhibit a nest, in which they rear their young; and not to speak of those vague shapes,

If shapes they can be called, that shape have none
Determinate,

of such tree-parasites as are fain to mould themselves at the will of their entertainer, (the fate of parasites, whether under oak or mahogany,) mention may be made of one exactly like an ear, of which the form is at once irregular and constant, which is given, for some good reason, to Judas, (*Auricula Judæ*), clings to several trees, and trembles when you touch it.—*Esculent Funguses*, pp. 9, 10.

As to surface, fungals still exhibit the same variety which marks their coloring and form. Some, to use Mrs. Hussey's expression, look like a nest of serpents, peeping forth from the trees on which they flourish in all their scaly horrors. Others are spangled, as if with particles of broken glass. Some have a delicate feathery aspect, comparable to nothing so nearly as to the parasols of feathers, which appear in Eastern grandeurs. Some again are zoned with concentric circles, of different hues; some are clothed in a garb of,

apparently, kid-skin, smooth and soft; and some—take, for instance, the truffle—are covered over with tubercles.

Perhaps, to the unlearned in fungal history, nothing will appear more singular than what we are about to state, as to the consistence of these plants. So accustomed are we to take our general impressions of the characters of a natural family from those of a well-known type, that it becomes a constant source of surprise to us to discover the most opposite of external characters combined in the various members of the same tribe. The fungals furnish us with some good illustrations in point. Our impressions of them, as a family, are in the main derived from the commoner sort—such as the mushroom; and here the well-known fragility of this species communicates the same idea as a characteristic of the rest. But this is far from correct. Some hang upon trees like masses of trembling jelly; some are like pulp; some are soft and mucous; others are spongy and elastic; others, again, are membranous and parchment-like; others form admirable foot-balls, both in size and texture; others are tough, like leather; others firm like cork; and, lastly, some as hard as wood. Some are so delicate as to perish on being touched; the stem of some breaks with the softest breeze; the sturdy form of others stands unshaken in the tempest, and will endure the thrust of the traveller's foot almost uninjured. How unlike are all these, in their various particulars, to the characters of the mushroom tribe!

Neither have all fungals the characteristic odor and savor of the mushroom. The *Agaricus alliaceus* might cheat us into the belief that onions were at hand. The mucors have their own mouldy smell. Others, called by the anise-loving Linnaeus *suave-olens*, diffuse a powerful scent of that cordial; thus leading the polite reader to form no very refined notions of the great naturalist's olfactory sensibilities. The *Agaricus cinnamomeus*, in color, and powerfully in odor, mimics the finest cinnamon. The *Boletus salicinus* has the reputation of smelling like sweet may-bloom. The Chanterelle and the odorous *Agaric* are perfumed like apricots and ratafia. But, alas! many are of a positively nauseous and disgusting smell. The *Phallus impudicus* cannot be borne in the room, even for a few minutes. Dr. Badham tells us of an unlucky botanist who had, by mistake, taken it into his bed-room, and soon became awakened by the intolerable fetor it diffused around; so that he was glad to open the window and get rid of it, as he hoped, and the *Phallus*, together; here he was disappointed—"sublatâ causâ non tollitur effectus"—the fetor remaining nearly the same for some hours afterwards. A lady, who was drawing one in a room, was obliged to take it into the open air to complete her sketch. A fungus called the *Clathrus* becomes insupportably offensive in a short time, and its infective stench has given rise to a superstition entertained of it throughout the Landes, that it has the prop-

erty of producing cancer in those who touch it; in consequence of which the inhabitants, who call it cancerous, or cancer, cover it carefully over, lest by accident some chance to touch it, and thus become infected with that horrible disease.

We shall speak of the variances of fungal savor when we advert to them as articles of diet; but it may be here mentioned, that they are as many as those of form, color, consistence, and odor. Some are as fierce as fire in this respect. Capsicums are cool in comparison therewith. Mrs. Hussey tells of a young man, who, in spite of caution, insisted on tasting one species with the tip of his tongue—instantly he darted off, in a course apparently so objectless as to give painful doubts of his sanity, and was found ten minutes afterwards, his face half immersed in a brook which he had descried in the distance, vainly striving to cool the unquenchable flame communicated by the fungal to his tongue. All the varieties of the flavors understood by us under the terms sweet, sour, rich, rank, and acrid—many are quite without appreciable flavor of any kind.

It is a remarkable fact that some fungi are phosphorescent. Mr. Gardner* relates the following interesting circumstance in connection with this fact. "One dark night, about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets of the Villa de Natividade, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large fire-fly; but, on making inquiry, I was told that it grew abundantly in the neighborhood on the decaying leaves of a dwarf palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one to two and a half inches across. The whole plant gives out at night a bright phosphorescent light, of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fire-flies, or by those curious soft-bodied marine animals, the *Pyrosomæ*; from this circumstance, and from growing on a palm, it is called by the inhabitants the 'flor do coco.' The light given out by a few of these fungi in a dark room was sufficient to read by. It proved to be quite a new species, and, since my return from Brazil, has been described by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley under the name of *Agaricus Gardneri*, from preserved specimens which I brought home." In the coal-mines near Dresden are fungi of another species, which are a safer source of light even than the safety-lamp of the illustrious Davy. These fungi belong to the singular genus *Rhizomorpha*. A paper in a scientific periodical, published some years since, furnishes a good account of the curious effect produced by these plants in these otherwise dark and dreary excavations. The visitor has no need of artificial illumination—the sides and roof of the black tunnels glow with pale stars of light, which fill the abyss with a soft diffusive lustre, and create the belief that some enchanting power has locked us in a fairy palace, whose walls glitter

with gems of radiance. The light arising from a large number of them becomes almost dazzling to gaze upon. Might not these fungi be introduced into our mines with advantage? The spawn of the truffle is luminous, and is thus sometimes discovered with great readiness. The olive-groves of Italy are sometimes seen to be dimly illuminated with a phosphorescent agaric; and Rumphius, in Amboyna, and Mr. Drummond, at the Swan River, speak of similar phenomena. The light produced by these various species of plants is probably due, as in ordinary cases of phosphorescence, simply to the oxidation of a vegetable product containing phosphorus.

That mushrooms come up suddenly, as in a night, is a popular aphorism, older than we dare state; and certain it is, that in the rapidity, power, and size of their growth, they are wonderful plants. At the seasons of warm rains in summer, puff-balls will grow with amazing rapidity. Particularly during electrical disturbances of the atmosphere, the fungi will sometimes spring up with a swiftness of growth akin to the marvellous. Perhaps their expansive powers in growing are even more remarkable. In the "Elements of Physiology," by Dr. Carpenter, a curious instance of the immense force of an expanding fungus is related:—"In the neighborhood of Basingstoke, a paving-stone, measuring twenty-one inches square, and weighing eighty-three pounds, was completely raised an inch and a half out of its bed by a mass of toadstools of from six to seven inches in diameter; and nearly the whole pavement of the town suffered displacement from the same cause!" Dr. Badham says:—"I have myself recently witnessed an extensive displacement of the pegs of a wooden pavement, which had been driven nine inches into the ground, but were heaved up irregularly in several places by small bouquets of agarics, growing from below." M. Bulliard relates, that on placing a *Phallus impudicus* within a glass vessel, the plant expanded so rapidly as to shiver its sides with an explosive detonation, as loud as that of a pistol. Of all vegetable structures, we should least expect such singular results from the expansion of the generally soft and fragile plants under consideration. We are taught by them an impressive lesson of the invincible power of the feeblest causes when their operation is constant. Strange things are told as to fungal dimensions. Some, as we have observed, are invisible to the unassisted eye, floating perhaps in the vital air we inhale; but the dimensions of others we dare scarcely venture to state, and, making the venture, we shall only do so under the shelter of authorities. The family of the puff-balls is the most prolific in the production of giant fungi. Although their usual size is small, not exceeding that of an egg, Mrs. Hussey has figured one which fully justifies, without, as she declares, the smallest help of the pencil, the description conveyed under the Greek term *ægriov*, from its striking resemblance in point of form and dimensions to the human skull. The nasal prominence and the frontal eminences,

* Travels in the Interior of Brazil. 1846.

with the suture between them, are well mimicked in this curious fungus. This accomplished mycologist states, that the specimen was found growing among some felled timber, and in a most confined space, attaining the dimensions of a half-peck loaf. The environs of Padua produce, as it is said by Cicinelli, enormous puff-balls, measuring two feet in diameter! Mr. Berkeley, whose opinions on fungal history are sterling among botanists, quotes the case of a fungus which in three weeks grew to *seven feet five inches* in circumference, and weighed thirty-four pounds! Baptist Perta speaks of a fungus which in a few days attained a weight of twelve pounds, and was too large to be embraced by both the hands. Mr. Angus informs us, that in the woods of New Zealand large funguses stand out from the parent trees so boldly and rigidly as to make commodious seats! But the giant fungus of all is one whose dimensions come down to posterity on the authority of Clusius. This monstrous plant grew in Pannonia, was discovered by a fungus-loving family, who all partook of it until they could eat no more, and there remained behind enough to fill a chariot! In the deep recesses of woods, and elsewhere, where suffered to grow unmolested, the mycological traveller may often stumble upon specimens whose enormous dimensions take away much of the apparent improbability from the last-quoted anecdote. The *vis medicatrix nature*, on which so much ink-shed has taken place, is remarkably exercised in the case of the fungi. Let a snail come and take his morning meal out of the summit of a splendid boletus, this power, be it what it may, immediately directs the refilling of the cavity, and it is speedily accomplished in such a manner as to render the injury almost imperceptible. This power, of course, greatly tends to the preservation of the individual, and thus indirectly contributes to its vast enlargement in size.

Those who have given most thought to mycology are still in a position of painful uncertainty, strange to say, as to the real nature of fungi! Will it be believed! it is even questioned whether they be plants at all; whether, in fact, they do not belong to some kingdom intermediate between plants and animals. And, certainly, if the extraordinary and life-like movements observed in the fibres of some species, such as those described in the next sentence, were a fair argument for such a theory, its supporters are not far from the truth; but, unfortunately for their idea, equally striking movements exist in many higher plants than fungi, upon whose vegetable nature no question can be entertained. The following movements are described in the words of their observer, Mr. Robson, who noticed their occurrence in the fibres of the fungus called the *Clathrus*. "At first," he says, "I was much surprised to see a part of the fibres that had got through a rupture in the top of the *Clathrus* moving like the legs of a fly, when laid upon his back; I then touched it with the point of a pin, and was still more surprised when I saw it present the appearance of a little bundle of worms entangled together, the fibres being all alive; I next took the little bundle of fibres quite

out, and the animal motion was then so strong as to turn the head half-way round, first one way, and then another, and two or three times it got out of the focus. Almost every fibre had a different motion—some of them twined round one another, and then untwined again, while others were bending, extending, coiling, waving, &c." These movements may have been simply hygrometric. Other authors have entertained doubts of fungals being more than mere accidental developments of vegetable tissue, called into action by special conditions of light, heat, soil, and air. These doubts, to quote the thoughtful observations of Mr. Berkeley, have been caused by some remarkable circumstances connected with their development, the most material of which are the following:—"They grow with a degree of rapidity unknown in other plants, acquiring the volume of many inches in the space of a night, and are frequently meteoric; that is, springing up after storms, or only in particular states of the atmosphere. It is possible to increase particular species with certainty by an ascertained mixture of organic and inorganic materials exposed to well-known atmospheric conditions, as is formed by the process adopted by gardeners for obtaining *Agaricus campestris*—a process so certain, that no one ever knew any other kind of agaric produced in mushroom-beds, except a few of the dunghill tribe, where raw dung has been placed near the surface of the bed. This could not happen if the mushroom sprang from seeds floating in the air, as in that case many species would naturally be mixed together. Fungi are produced constantly upon the same kind of matter, and upon nothing else, such as the species that are parasitic upon leaves; all which is considered strong evidence of the production of fungi being accidental, and not analogous to that of perfect plants." Such, however, is far from the conviction of our own minds upon the subject. M. Dutrochet has instituted some curious experiments which may be quoted; he found that he could obtain at pleasure different species of mouldiness by using different infusions; he also states that certain acid fluids constantly yield *monilias*, and that certain alkaline mixtures produce *botrytis*. What is the conclusion to be drawn from these facts? That the fungi are mere metamorphoses of ordinary cellular tissue, without law of genus or species! Scarcely so. May we not rather bear in profitable recollection the recent discoveries of natural chemistry upon the mineral ingredients peculiar to each plant? When we mix up our compost for mushrooms, what is it that we do but bring together, it may be, those mineral ingredients most favorable to the development of mushrooms from spores already floating in the air, or existing hitherto unquickened in the soil? Why does the *botrytis* select an alkaline bed, if it be not that the alkali is most favorable to its development? Wheat will not grow in a soil destitute of siliceous matter, alkalies, and nitrogen; yet other plants will grow there, and perhaps exclusively. We are not, therefore, to attach much weight to an argument drawn from the, at first sight, striking

fact, that by a mixture of certain well-known ingredients we can produce mushrooms, and that, consequently, they are merely chance developments arising out of the union of certain substances. Such a conclusion is altogether unsound. It is now well known that plants have a sort of individual bill of fare upon which, and which alone, they will thrive. It appears, therefore, more probable to suppose that the seeds, it may be, of several species of fungi exist in such substances as we mix together; but the peculiar character of the mixture is favorable to the development only of one species—the common mushroom, the seeds of the others still lying dormant; rather than to suppose that they arise from no seminal germs, but, as it were, by an accident, which must be allowed to be constant in its occurrence. It is more in accordance with the principles of science to believe that the *monilia* of an acid liquid was developed from a spore which found in it the suitable pabulum it required, than to imagine that the *monilia* is the offspring of some inexplicable process of equivocal generation, which can only take place in an acid fluid. This is not the place to pursue the discussion; and, at the risk of being thought tedious, we have followed it thus far only because the argument of spontaneous generation appears in some danger of being revived in the case of these plants. Altogether, however, it must be acknowledged that the subject is a very difficult one; the more learned the mycologist, the greater his perplexity.

Dr. Badham is disposed to consider the origin of fungals from seed, as in other plants; and that, further, the seed is in most cases furnished by, or at least, latent in, the *nidus* in which they are developed. Although the theory he advocates is defended with spirit, and although it is certain that fungi actually occur in closed fruits, and in corollas of flowers when they are sealed up in airtight envelopes, it may still be fairly questioned whether the atmosphere does not, in a very large number of cases, waft the light sporules to their birth-place, where they become quickened into life by the usual forces.

From this subject, which may not appear to all our readers in the interesting and important light, and in the attractive garb, it possesses for some, we may appropriately turn to the consideration of a curious part of fungal history—their artificial production. The common mushroom is cultivated to a very large extent for the supply of our markets, and its production is as certainly insured by the methods resorted to, as in the ordinary case of plants produced from seed. The following plan, by M. Roques, is recommended by its simplicity, and is said to be infallible:—

Having observed that all those dunghills which abounded chiefly in sheep or cow droppings, began shortly to turn mouldy on their surface, and to bear mushrooms, I collected a quantity of this manure, which, as soon as it began to turn white, I strewed lightly over some melon-beds, and some spring crops of vegetables, and obtained in either case,

and as often as I repeated the experiment, a ready supply of excellent mushrooms, which came up from a month to six weeks after the dung had been so disposed of; but as an equable temperature is in all cases desirable, to render the result certain, where this cannot be secured under the protection of glass, the next best plan is to scatter a portion of the above dungs, mixed with a little earth, in a cave or cellar, to which some tan is an excellent addition; for tan, though it kills other vegetable growths, has quite an opposite effect on funguses. —*Esculent Funguses*, p. 42.

It has been recommended to throw the water in which fungi have been washed over a suitable spot, and the result is stated to be a good crop of the same species. In the Landes, on the authority of Dr. Thore, we are informed that the inhabitants are constantly successful in rearing the fungi called *Boletus edulis* *Agaricus procerus*, from a watery infusion of the said plants. But Dr. Badham, who carefully experimented upon the subject, was wholly unable to produce the same results; and other high authorities are given, where experiments proved equally vain.

Perhaps the most singular mode of producing funguses artificially is one which is largely resorted to by the Italian people. The fungus in this case is actually produced by a stone! This stone is called the *Pietra funghiaia*. Cæsalpinus has given directions for procuring it the whole year through, which, he says, is to be done either by irrigating the soil over the site of the stone, or by transferring the *Pietra funghiaia* with a portion of the original mould, and watering it in our own garden. Porter adds, that the funguses take seven days to come to perfection, and may be gathered from the naked block, if it is properly moistened, six times a year; but, in preference to merely watering the blocks, he recommends that a light covering of garden mould should be first thrown over them. This fungus-producing stone has a very limited range of territory, and lies imbedded frequently in a variety of soils, in consequence of which its fungus is very variable in flavor, much depending upon the kind of *humus* in which its matrix happens to be placed. Those that grow on the high grounds above Sorrento, and on the sides of Vesuvius, are in less esteem among the mycophagous Italians than such as are brought into the Naples market from the mountains of Apulia; most probably the spores of the fungus in question are actually contained in the porous upper surface of the stone, merely requiring heat and moisture for their development into life.

How many of the poetical dreams of our childhood are destroyed with the advance of this cold, unspiritualizing age! No longer let the reader, as he trips homeward in the dewy evening, when the shadows of night come creeping over hill and valley, hold his breath at passing a bright and luxuriant "Fairy Ring," in the meadow. No longer let him fear to put foot within its green circle, nor tremble at the consequences of disturbing "the good people" in their night-dances around on those once mysterious plots of grass.

Mycological science comes, and with her steady finger, picks out a half-dozen agarics, and accuses them of thus marking out Nature's green carpet into irregular circles. Nor have they anything to say against it. But more soberly—

To recapitulate the various fancies recorded on the subject of "Fairy Rings" would be a waste of time and paper. The fact that *Agaricus orcadus* appears shortly after thunder-storms, gives rise to an opinion that the withered grass of its circles was lightning-blasted; and in Captain Brown's notes to White's "Selborne," he quotes Mr. Johnson, of Wetherby, a correspondent of the "Philosophical Journal," to this effect:—"He attributes them to the droppings of starlings, which, when in large flights, frequently alight upon the ground in circles, and sometimes are known to sit a considerable time in these annular congregations!" If philosophy had but condescended to use a spade, the truth would then have been scented at least, for the earth beneath these bare rings is white with the spawn of the agaric causing them, and the peculiar smell either of *Agaricus orcadus* or *Agaricus Georgii* is detected instantly; in fact, it is many times more potent than that of the fungus itself.—*British Mycology*, part xiii.

"Fairy Rings" are of various sizes; some are as small as to possess a diameter of only a foot or so, others have a circumference of ninety or a hundred feet. The phenomenon has long puzzled botanists, and although it is better understood now than formerly, it must be confessed that we are still in great ignorance about it. We must not be misunderstood. Let it be distinctly stated, there is not the least doubt in the minds of those who have paid the smallest attention to the subject that the cause of fairy rings is to be found in the fungi which people them—the difficulty is to account for the peculiar mode of growth which they thus adopt—the form of a circle, often of the truest mathematical proportions. It is commonly accounted for by supposing that the seeds of the fungi are shed at first in a circular form, and that the plants progressively enlarge, retaining the same form, by projecting their seeds to a certain distance all round.

In winter and spring these circles exhibit a luxuriant growth of grass of the most brilliant and refreshing green. In summer they are seared and dry. It has been on this account considered that the *débris* of the past year's fungi serves as manure to the grass, which is much quickened and invigorated in growth thereby during those seasons when the fungi lie dormant; but when, as in summer, the fungi are awakened to activity, they then are too vigorous for the grass, deprive it of its proper nourishment, and thrive at its expense. Sometimes they become most unsightly, particularly when a lady is solicitous of keeping her lawn as smooth and elegant in appearance as her drawing-room carpet. The Society of Arts has offered a prize for the best method of eradicating them. We believe nothing will succeed but digging up the spawn-charged soil all round, and implanting in its place fresh soil and turf free from the same infection.

Considered as an article of diet, fungi assume an importance which has hitherto never been conceded to them in this country, and which indeed it is the main object of the work before us to advocate. From statistical details, which will be mentioned further on, it is rendered positively certain that a very large source of income and sustenance is annually left to exhaust itself in vain in our woods and meadows. And while we are anxious to lay down such restrictions as shall confine the use of fungi within the limits of safety, we are equally anxious to obtain for Dr. Badham a fair hearing on this interesting and important topic. While it is certain that a large number of serious, and even fatal, accidents have taken place from the consumption of deleterious fungi, it is equally certain that the popular prejudice against them ranges far, very far, beyond the boundaries of truth, and that a large number now condemned to decay unused, or even abhorred and despised, are as useful for the purposes of the table as those which enjoy the prescriptive privilege of appearing there. The rule which appears to have influenced us has been the safe, but unphilosophical, one of rather condemning many innocent fungi than run the risk of one injurious species finding its way to the larder.

It is very certain a large number of eminent names might be set down on the other side, and those of men who are themselves, in very truth, practisers of the mycophagus doctrines they uphold. M. Roques, a French writer on the fungi, and an advocate for their introduction to a wider range of utility, with the enthusiasm of his nation, gives at the end of his treatise a long list of his mycophilous friends, including in the number many of the most eminent medical men of Paris. Another writer tells us, that in seeing the peasants at Nuremburg eating raw mushrooms, he too, for several weeks, determined to follow their example, and, with a greater degree of self-denial than can be safely recommended to other and more delicate lovers of the fungi, restricted himself entirely to this diet for several weeks. He ate with them nothing but bread, and drank nothing but water, and the odd result of this bold experiment was, that instead of finding his health impaired and his strength diminished, he came out of his period of discipline stronger and better than before.

The truth is, the only certain method of distinguishing them is a proper moderate botanical acquaintance with their conformation, and characteristic peculiarities. For those who cannot spare the time for the attainment of such knowledge, we would strongly recommend, as an invaluable companion on a fungus-hunting expedition—presuming of course, that its object is the collection of esculent fungi for the table—this book of Dr. Badham's. So soon as autumn comes and brings the fungi in its train, it is our own intention to put the work under our arm and plunge into the woods the very first opportunity. The admirably executed plates of the work are the chief guide-

marks by which we intend to "eat or avoid," to collect or reject, and we are satisfied that pursuing their indications a safe and valuable article of food can be obtained at a trifling cost.

We must spare room for a few extracts upon the other uses which fungi may be made to subserve, in addition to their esculent properties.

Some, as the *Polyporus sulphures*, furnish a useful color for dyeing; the *Agaricus atramentarius* makes ink; divers *lycoperdons* have also been employed for stupefying bees, for stanching blood, and for making tinder. Gleditsch relates, that "*amadou* (which is a species of fungus prepared by boiling, and then beating out in sheets) is stitched together by the poorer inhabitants of Franconia, who make dresses of it; and also that the Laplanders burn it in the neighborhood of their dwellings to secure their rein-deer from the attacks of gad-flies, which are repelled by the smoke. The *Polyporus squamosus* makes a razor strop (!) far superior to any of those at present patented and sold with high-sounding epithets, far beyond their deserts. To prepare the *Polyporus* for this purpose, it must be cut from the ash-tree in the autumn, when it has been dried, and its substance has become consolidated; it is then to be flattened out for twenty-four hours in a press, after which it should be carefully rubbed with pumice, sliced longitudinally, and every slip that is free from the erosions of insects should be then glued upon a wooden stretcher. Cesalpinus knew all this; and the barbers in his time knew it too; and it is not a little remarkable that so useful an invention should, in an age of puffing, advertisement, and improvement like our own, have been entirely lost sight of. The *Agaricus muscarius* is largely employed in Kamtschatka, in decoction with *Epilobium angustifolium*, as an intoxicating liquor."—P. 20.

The opening sentence of this article, quoting Sir John Pringle's words, declared that "nothing grows in vain." Yet in a great measure, up to the present time, the fungi have grown in vain, or nearly so, for our fellow-countrymen. Spite of all that both can and ought to be said as to the dangers attending the indiscriminate use of these plants as esculents, it cannot be too widely made known that upon the broad fields, and in the wild woods of England, every year beholds the wasteful destruction of an enormous mass of excellent, safe, and nourishing food. No country is richer in esculent fungi than is our own; while only four or five find their way into our markets. The gracious hand of Divine Providence has enriched us with at least thirty species, which may be safely partaken of, and some of which are a most excellent article of diet. No markets might, therefore, be better supplied than the English, and yet England is the only country in Europe where this important and savory food, is, from ignorance or prejudice, left to perish ungathered. In France, Germany, and Italy, this tribe of plants not only constitutes for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but the residue, either fresh or dried, or otherwise preserved in oil, brine or vinegar, is sold by the poor, and forms a very valuable source of income to many who have no other produce to bring into the market. Well, then, may fungi

be called by M. Roques, the "manna of the poor."

However desirous, we must add, we may feel to extend the resources of our struggling poor, we never wish to see a fungus market opened so long as those in authority are as negligent of the public health as they now are. Without a doubt, its first sale would be the distribution of baskets full of poison to a hundred homes. Untaught by popular experience, and unguided by a sufficient knowledge of botany, and of the diagnostic differences between the safe and unsafe species, the poor fungus-gatherer would cull indiscriminately the teeming produce of the woods and fields, the moment he was informed that many more fungi than he commonly collected were good for food, and the result may be conceived. By all means, then, let us circulate the information that food in large quantities lies scattered about the country, waiting the hand of the gatherer; but at the same time, forbid its sale, save at public markets, where its salubrity should be decided by competent authority. We might in this matter take example by the prudent regulations of the special committee of health at Rome, as they are communicated to us in the following summary from the pen of Professor Sanguinetti, the official inspector of the fungus market at Rome:—

For forty days during the autumn, and for about half that period every spring, large quantities of funguses picked in the immediate vicinity of Rome, from Frascati, Rocca di Papa, Albana, beyond Monte Mario, towards Ostia and the neighborhood of the cities of Veii and Gabii, are brought in at different gates. In the year 1837, the government instituted the so-called Congregazione Speciale di Sanita, which, among other duties, was more particularly required to take into serious consideration the commerce of funguses, from the unrestricted sale of which, during some years past, cases of poisoning had not unfrequently occurred. The following were the decisions arrived at by this body:—

1. That for the future an inspector of funguses, versed in botany, should be appointed to attend the market in the place of the peasant, whose supposed practical knowledge had hitherto been held as a sufficient guarantee for the public safety.
2. That all the funguses brought into Rome by the different gates should be registered, under the surveillance of the principal officer, in whose presence also the baskets were to be sealed up, and the whole for that day's consumption sent under escort to a central depot.
3. That a certain spot should be fixed upon for the fungus market, and that nobody, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, should hawk them about the streets.
4. That at seven o'clock, A. M., precisely, the inspector should pay his daily visit and examine the whole of the contents of the baskets, previously emptied on the ground by the proprietors, who were then to receive, if the funguses were approved of, a printed permission of sale from the police, and to pay for it an impost of one baioccho (a half-penny) on every ten pounds.
5. That quantities under ten pounds should not be taxed.

6. That the stale funguses of the preceding day, as well as those that were mouldy, bruised, filled with maggots, or dangerous, together with any specimen of the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris* (!)) detected in any of the baskets, should be sent under escort and thrown into the Tiber.

7. That the inspector should be empowered to fine or imprison all those refractory to the above regulations; and, finally, that he should furnish a weekly report to the tribunal of provisions of the proceeds of the sale.—Pp. 8, 9.

Such a sanitary code would scarcely in all points suit the English market; but it contains clauses which may prove valuable hints for the formation of a similar one, on the presumption that the sale of fungus will at some future time rise to the dignity of a commerce. It would be easy to enforce the sale of fungi only at stated places, and to command the services of many versed in mycological science at stated intervals to inspect, approve, or condemn, the specimens submitted for sale. A boon of great value would be conferred upon the public by such an arrangement, and it is little questionable that an annual means of occupation for hundreds of now idle, hungering, or even starving poor would be thus opened. We heartily sympathize with Dr. Badham in this matter. While it is doubtful whether a lasting and wide benefit would be extended to the poor by the fungus trade, it is not in the least doubtful that a very considerable addition to their means of existence would be thus made for a certain period in every year; and these are not the times even when a small supply of food is to be despised, or suffered to be neglected. From the statistical returns of the Roman *Tribunale della Grascie*, it is evident that the fungus trade is not so despicable a thing as might be imagined, when once its resources are developed, and its regularity insured. The return of taxed mushrooms in the city of Rome during the last ten years, gives a yearly average of between *sixty and eighty thousand pounds'* weight; and when it is remembered that quantities under ten pounds are not taxed, that large quantities are also disposed of in bribes, fees, and presents, it may fairly be estimated at double this amount. The average price for funguses in the Roman market is about six *baiocchi*, or three pence per pound, in the *fresh* state; hence the actual commercial value of the fungi sold in this state at Rome alone equals nearly £2,000 a year. But the *fresh* funguses after all form only a part of the whole consumption; immense quantities are also sold in the dried, pickled, or preserved conditions, and the price of these is about 1s. 3d. per pound. Adding this to the last we should find the fungus trade of this city falls little short of £4,000 sterling per annum! Surely here are facts enough to set a whole expedition of fungus-gatherers on the search. Would that the British government would take a lesson for once from the Celestials, and, imitating the enlightened carefulness of that power, not only provide food for the starving, but teach them how to use that which already lies decaying at their very thresholds. Let us hope to

see ere long a niche in Covent-garden market for the neglected fungi, and a scientific policeman, if no better may be provided, acting the part of the *Inspettore aci funghi*.

As we have felt anxious to set in prominence the economical importance of the fungi, we have made less frequent reference to Mrs. Hussey's magnificent work than would have been the case under other circumstances. The book is truly a beautiful one. The illustrations are from the lady's own portfolio; and for scientific accuracy, delicacy of coloring, and artistic elegance of arrangement, we are acquainted with few illustrated works in botany which will bear comparison with them. The letter-press is in a light, agreeable style, and he must be a cold-hearted reader who cannot catch something of the mycological passion with which this enthusiastic authoress contrives to enliven her pages. There are few other lithographic presses in England, if any, that could have turned out such a work. The copious extracts we have made from Dr. Badham's work sufficiently attest our high estimation of its merit. Most heartily do we desire for it such a circulation as will diffuse the valuable information (valuable even in a pecuniary sense) which it contains throughout Great Britain. Although we should be sorry to see beef-steaks exchanged for diet of fungi, we should rejoice to see fungi take a superior rank to the little nutritious esculents in more common use. Dr. Badham's book, by the nature and startling character of the facts it treats of, is well calculated to awaken public sympathy with its object, and attention to its subject. What country gentleman, we ask, would be without a book on his library shelves, by the help of which he might every autumn many times more than realize twice its cost, in obtaining, for the mere trouble of collection, a savory and excellent article of diet—not to mention the benefits he might thereby be enabled to confer on his poorer neighbors, by enlightening them upon the value and importance of what they had hitherto stigmatized as toad-stools! The illustrations to this work are by Mrs. Hussey, to whom every feature of this strange family of plants seems familiar, and are executed in the best style of art. The general merit of this work makes us unwilling to look too narrowly into the vices of its occasional style, but we may reasonably ask, why a man of Dr. Badham's attainments and practical good sense should have thought it necessary to favor us with the youthful ode to "Eupepsia," which appears at page 29, and commences with the following verse:—

Happy the man whose prudent care
Plain boiled and roast discreetly bound;
Content to feed on homely fare,
On British ground. (!!)

Think too, gentle reader, of such lines as the following, which shine in page 31, and prove how strongly the learned Doctor's muse savors of the hospital:—

Lies the last meal all undigested still,
Does chyle impure your poisoned lacteals fill,
Does Gastrodynia's tiny gimlet bore,
Where the crude load obstructs the rigid door?

Were it not for the sound, practical common sense, which forms a main ingredient in the book, we should feel tempted to speak more severely of these poetical effusions. We may hope that, in the next edition, the "Esculent Funguses of England" will be introduced to the public consideration without this garnish. We must not omit to mention, that, in addition to ample directions for the diagnosis of the esculent funguses, some receipts for cooking them are given, which are likely to prove useful to the *maître* or *maitresse de cuisine*.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

EARLY in April, 1847, one hundred and forty-three men, two women, and two children, started out as pioneers from Council Bluffs, Iowa. These Mormons made an entire new road on the north side of the Platte, crossing Elk-horn to Fort Laramie; they then took the Oregon trail to Fort Bridger, when they commenced a new route through the Rocky Mountains. On the 23d of July, the first camp moved into and halted at what is now called the centre of the city. In the afternoon of the same day they had three ploughs and one harrow at work.

At two o'clock, p. m., of the same day, they commenced building the first dam for irrigation. The next day, Saturday, they planted five acres of potatoes. On the 28th of the same month, what they style the quorum of the Twelve Apostles assembled, and laid off a city as follows: Blocks of ten acres each, eight lots to the block, an acre and a quarter in each lot; the streets eight rods wide; the sidewalks twenty feet wide; the sidewalks to be beautifully shaded; the blocks to be surrounded by a purling brook, issuing from the mountains; every house to be built twenty feet from the front fence. No two houses front each other; standing in his own door, every man *may not* look into his neighbor's door, but into his neighbor's garden. They have four public squares, which are hereafter to be adorned with trees from the four quarters of the globe, and supplied with fountains of water.

On the temple square they intend to have a garden that will cost at least \$100,000 at the commencement. Their missionaries have already made arrangements in the Eastern States, in Great Britain, France, Italy, Denmark, the Germanic States, and in the islands of the sea, to gather the choicest seeds and fruits, and everything that can beautify and adorn the garden. At first the city was laid off to contain 135 blocks. Since then an addition of 65 blocks has been made on the east, and 60 on the west. They have laid off one mile square on the east of the city for a University. It will not be two years until next October since the first house was built in this city, and it now numbers at least nine thousand. They already have convenient houses built of dolies—dried brick—and most of the luxuries of life. They expect an emigration of at least ten thousand of their own people this year.

The only method of cultivation is by irrigation from what they call "City Creek." Just as this creek opens in the valley from the snow-capped

mountains, it divides into two main branches, which afterward sub-divide. This water, from the mountains to the temple block, has an average fall of nine inches in a rod, for a distance of more than ten miles, with a greater fall the further you advance into the mountains. At one mile and a third from the city is a warm sulphur spring, which possesses great cleansing and purifying properties, and which, it is affirmed, cures most diseases of this climate. About a mile and a half further is a hot sulphur spring. On the south side of the valley is a hot spring of pure water. The water of this spring is twenty-nine feet three inches deep.

The city is located about twenty-two miles south-east of the Great Salt Lake. This lake is considered more saline than the ocean, three gallons of the water making one gallon of the purest, finest salt. The valley is about thirty miles by twenty-two, joining to a valley of about fifty miles by eight in width. From the entire north to the south these two valleys are studded with settlers, numbering from fifteen to twenty thousand. The lieutenant engineer, Mr. Gunnison, estimates these valleys—having explored them—as capable of supporting a population of from one and a half to two millions.

On the south of this valley lie the Utah valley and lake, about fifty miles from the city. The name of their city is Provo, on the south side of the Provo river. The lake is pure water—eight miles by four—abounding with fish. About one hundred miles south of this they have established a settlement of about one hundred and fifty families. The valley is called San Pete. Here there are many ruins covered with hieroglyphics. One place, in particular, is called by the Indians "God's Temple." Here, also, many remains of ancient pottery, both glazed and unglazed, are found in great abundance; and here, also, is a mountain of pure rock salt, and abundance of bituminous coal.

During five months of the year there can be no communication with the north, east, or west, the mountains being rendered impassable by the snow. This city is situated about forty and a half degrees north latitude, and one hundred and eleven degrees longitude west of Greenwich.

The productiveness of the soil is astonishing. We are here in the midst of their harvest, and never have we seen such wheat. We will give you one out of many authentic accounts. M. Holliday, from the south of this place, raised upward of one hundred and eighty-five bushels of wheat from one bushel of seed, and three hundred bushels of potatoes from one bushel of seed.

This valley is regarded as one of the healthiest portions of the globe; the air is certainly the purest I ever breathed. Its altitude is four thousand feet above the level of the sea; and some of the mountains on the east of the valley are more than a mile and a quarter high, and are covered with perpetual snow; while in the valley the thermometer frequently rises above one hundred degrees.

So much for this city and valley. As to the moral and other aspects of this people, I have not at present time or space to write anything. It is due to them to say that I have not seen anything vicious since my arrival. They are very kind and hospitable to emigrants. The emigrants drop them a thousand commodities for a small consideration, as they change from the train to the packing method of accomplishing the remainder of their journey; while they, in their turn, are greatly accommodated in obtaining supplies and refreshments, at this little more than half-way house over plains and deserts.

From the Athenæum.

The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY. Vol. VI. Reprinted by Harper & Brothers.

THAT we approach the close of this work without regret is, we must repeat, owing to no want of interest in its subject, from no question as to the value of the fullest possible portraiture of the author of "Thalaba," "The Colloquies," "The Life of Nelson," and "The Doctor,"—but because an increased sense that the hands which have held the pencil are imperfectly skilled in draughtmanship. Here is no satisfactory picture either of the man or of the author. It is of little purpose that the biographer in his epilogue authenticates and commends himself as under:—

While, however, I have necessarily been obliged to leave out many interesting letters, I feel satisfied that I have published a selection abundantly sufficient to indicate all the points in my father's character—to give all the chief incidents in his life, and to show his opinions in all their stages.

The Rev. Mr. Southey forgets that he has memory to help him. Those not possessing such aid will hardly accept the indications as clear—nor admit that the chief incidents of Southey's life are sufficiently laid before the public. Let us at once add, that we do not conceive these to have lain in the poet's domestic career. Regarding that, we are convinced from what is before us that affectionate and reverent discretion has been used by the biographer. Whatever comes of minute history on a future day, we would not have "the dark closet" which exists in every household laid bare to a prying public, while the master-spirit of the silent mansion is hardly cold in his grave. The bad and vulgar spirit of curiosity cannot be too peremptorily barred out and discouraged in all such cases.—Our censure refers to the literary life of the Laureate—for his works were with him "chief incidents." We recollect how, when Southey was called on to arrange a biography, he gathered here a trait, there a characteristic word—from a third source a familiar note or memorandum precious because it was individual—till in his sketching the man was complete before us. When we advert, for instance, to his "Life of Cowper,"—"wrought," to use his own words, "in mosaic,"—when we recall the adroit and fascinating manner in which the rise, continuance and close of Cowper's chief incidents—his works—were dwelt on—we cannot reconcile ourselves to the indifference with which Southey's late literary labors are here thrown down on the page, rather than framed in the gallery of pictures. The very history of this aforesaid "Life of Cowper" was worth inquiring into and narrating. Then, in place of anything like a satisfactory or coherent birth, parentage and education of that queer book, "The Doctor," we have merely a few scattered traits and glimpses, which convince us how rich the subject must have been if treated less slightly—not to say

unsympathetically. Lastly, as regards the correspondence, we seem to recollect letters in former biographical and literary works—let us instance the Lives of William Taylor of Norwich, and of Sir Egerton Brydges, and the topographical collections of Mr. Bray, as suggesting themselves at the moment—the variety of which warrants us in fancying that but a poor and meagre selection from the correspondence is here before us.

This sixth volume begins with a portraiture of Southey when about fifty-five years old. The passages concerning his manner have been furnished by a friend of the biographer:—

His forehead was very broad; his height was five feet eleven inches; his complexion rather dark; the eyebrows large and arched; the eye well shaped and dark brown; the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive; the chin small in proportion to the upper features of his face. He always while in Keswick wore a cap in his walks, and, partly from habit, partly from the make of his head and shoulders, we never thought he looked well or like himself in a hat. He was of a very spare frame, but of great activity, and not showing any appearance of a weak constitution. * * Though he did not continue to let his hair hang down on his shoulders according to the whim of his youthful days, yet he always wore a greater quantity than is usual; and once, on his arrival in town, Chantrey's first greetings to him were accompanied with an injunction to go and get his hair cut. When I first remember it, it was turning from a rich brown to the steel shade, whence it rapidly became almost snowy white, losing none of its remarkable thickness, and clustering in abundant curls over his massive brow.

* * The characteristics of his manner, as of his appearance, were lightness and strength, an easy and happy composure as the accustomed mood, with much mobility at the same time, so that he could be readily excited into any degree of animation in discourse, speaking, if the subject moved him much, with extraordinary fire and force, though always in light, laconic sentences. When so moved, the fingers of his right hand often rested against his mouth and quivered through nervous susceptibility. But excitable as he was in conversation, he was never angry or irritable; nor can there be any greater mistake concerning him, than that into which some persons have fallen when they have inferred, from the fiery vehemence with which he could give utterance to moral anger in verse or prose, that he was personally ill-tempered or irascible. He was in truth a man whom it was hardly possible to quarrel with or offend personally and face to face; and in his writings, even on public subjects in which his feelings were strongly engaged, he will be observed to have always dealt tenderly with those whom he had once seen and spoken to, unless, indeed, personally and grossly assailed by them. He said of himself that he was tolerant of persons, though intolerant of opinions. But in oral intercourse the toleration of persons was so much the stronger, that the intolerance of opinions was not to be perceived; and indeed it was only in regard to opinions of a pernicious moral tendency that it was ever felt. * * In conversation with intimate friends he would sometimes express, half humorously, a cordial commendation of some production of his own, knowing that with them he could afford it, and that to those who

knew him well it was well known that there was no vanity in him. But such commendations, though light and humorous, were perfectly sincere; for he both possessed and cherished the power of finding enjoyment and satisfaction wherever it was to be found—in his own books, in the books of his friends, and in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren. * * He concealed, indeed, as the reader has seen, beneath a reserved manner, a most acutely sensitive mind, and a warmth and kindness of feeling which was only understood by few, indeed, perhaps, not thoroughly by any. He said, speaking of the death of his uncle, Mr. Hill, that one of the sources of consolation to him was the thought, that perhaps the departed might then be conscious how truly he had loved and honored him; and I believe the depth of his affection and the warmth of his friendship was known to none but himself. On one particular point I remember his often regretting his constitutional bashfulness and reserve; and that was, because, added to his retired life and the nature of his pursuits, it prevented him from knowing anything of the persons among whom he lived. Long as he had resided at Keswick, I do not think there were twenty persons in the lower class whom he knew by sight; and though this was in some measure owing to a slight degree of shortsightedness, which, contrary to what is usual, came on in later life, yet I have heard him often lament it as not being what he thought right; and, after slightly returning the salutation of some passer-by, he would again mechanically lift his cap as he heard some well-known name in reply to his inquiries, and look back with regret that the greeting had not been more cordial.

The following trait will interest students and literary collectors :—

With respect to his mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book, it was somewhat peculiar. He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained anything which he was likely to make use of—a slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker, and with a slight pencilled S he would note the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged everything in the work which it was likely he would ever want. It was thus, with a remarkable memory, (not so much for the facts or passages themselves, but for their existence and the authors that contained them,) and with this kind of index, both to it and them, that he had at hand a command of materials for whatever subject he was employed upon, which has been truly said to be "unequalled."

Towards the earlier part of the volume, we find Southey sorely vexed in mind at the turn which politics and public affairs were taking in 1829-30—assailed by and assailing in turn the Rev. Mr. Shannon, a Catholic priest, who had assumed as existing on his part a steady enmity to Ireland— anxiously corresponding with Mr. Rickman on the subject of coöperation in labor—and, though a scholar in learning and a conservative in his dismal view of public affairs, regarding hopefully signs of the times which have driven less erudite

men into the solitude of their own libraries, and provoked philosophers professing a wider sphere of vision into howls of disdain at the superficial present as compared with the profound past. Writing about Poetry to Mr. Ticknor, in America, he says :—

With us no poetry now obtains circulation except what is in the *Annals*; these are the only books which are purchased for presents, and the chief sale which poetry used to have was of this kind. Here, however, we are overrun with imitative talent in all the fine arts, especially in fine literature; and if it is not already the case with you, it will very soon be so. I can see some good in this: in one or two generations imitative talent will become so common, that it will not be mistaken, when it first manifests itself, for genius; and it will then be cultivated rather as an embellishment for private life, than with aspiring views of ambition. Much of that levelling is going on with us which no one can more heartily desire to promote than I do—that which is produced by raising the lower classes. Booksellers and print-sellers find it worth while now to publish for a grade of customers which they deemed ten years ago beneath their consideration. Good must result from this in many ways; and could we but hope or dream of anything like long peace, we might dream of seeing England in a state of intellectual culture and internal prosperity such as no country has ever before attained.

It is noticeable, however, that this prophetic largeness of view and candor of construction were at the mercy of the first strong personal impulse. Literary judgments are more than once given in these pages which we can hardly imagine that posterity will accept, far less ratify. For instance, "by far the most original poem that this generation has produced," according to Southey, was not "The Ancient Mariner," and not "Peter Bell,"—nor tale by Crabbe, nor Border romance by Scott—nor transcendental dream by Shelley—nor Byron's "Childe Harold,"—(all, we submit, types, the prototypes of which it would not be easy to designate)—but "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," by Maria del Occidente—Mrs. Brooks, of New England.

We will now extract a passage or two which, in themselves bright and amusing, have small connection one with the other. The following rapture over the arrival of a box of old books will go to the heart of many a bibliophile besides the author of "Philip van Artevelde," to whom it was addressed :—

October 8, 1829.

My dear H. T.—I have been jumping for joy: Verbeyst has kept his word; the bill of lading is in Longman's hands, and by the time this reaches you I hope the vessel, with the books on board, may be in the river, and by this day month they will probably be here. Then shall I be happier than if his Majesty King George the Fourth were to give orders that I should be clothed in purple, and sleep upon gold, and have a chain about my neck, and sit next him because of my wisdom, and be called his cousin. Long live Verbeyst! the best, though not the most expeditious, of booksel-

lers; and may I, who am the most patient of customers, live long to deal with him. And may you and I live to go to the Low Countries again, that I may make Brussels in the way, and buy more of his books, and drink again of his Rhenish wine and of his strong beer, better than which Jacob van Artevelde never had at his own table, of his own brewing; not even when he entertained King Edward and Queen Philippa at the Christening. Would he have had such a son as Philip if he had been a water-drinker, or ever put swipes to his lips? God bless you!

R. S.

A sketch of Barry, communicated to Allan Cunningham, who was just then engaged on his "Lives of the Painters," is graphic:—

I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say in his maddest) days, when he was employed upon his Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own gray hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me. "No," he said, "he would not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening the Academicians would waylay him and murder him." In this solitary, sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably for want of food sufficiently nourishing; and, after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough left to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlisle (Sir Anthony) in Soho Square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed and in his own gray hair, and mixed in such society as he liked. I should have told you that, a little before his illness, he had with much persuasion been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and was asked how he had rested, he said remarkably well; he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing. He interlarded his conversation with oaths as expletives, but it was pleasant to converse with him; there was a frankness and animation about him which won good-will as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect. There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester Square who did. But this he said was false; for that he would at any time have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them.

We must pass over Amelia Opie coquetting (on the strength of a random commendation) for a niche hard by that allotted to Elizabeth Fry, rather than taking any continuous pains to win it, —to come to Southey's judgment of Bishop Heber:—

I dare say it will generally be felt that Mr.

Heber's book does not support the pretensions which its title, and still more its appearance, seems to hold forth. The materials would have appeared to more advantage in a different arrangement. There is certainly an air of book-making about the publication; which is not lessened by the funereal verses that it contains. Mine might have accompanied the portrait, in which case they would have seemed to be appropriately introduced; in fact, they were composed with that design. But this book ought not to detract from his reputation, the estimate of which must be taken from those things which he prepared for the press, and from his exertions in India. He was a man of great reading, and in his Bampton Lectures has treated a most important part of the Christian faith with great learning and ability. His other published sermons are such, that I am not surprised my brother Henry should think him the most impressive preacher he ever heard. As a poet, he could not have supported the reputation which his "Palestine" obtained; for it was greatly above its deserts, and the character of the poem, moreover, was not hopeful; it was too nicely fitted to the taste of the age. * * He had a hurried, nervous manner in private society, which covered much more ardor and feeling than you would have supposed him to possess. This I believe entirely disappeared when he was performing his functions; at which time, I have been assured, he seemed totally regardless of everything but the duty wherein he was engaged. Few persons took so much interest in my writings, which may partly have arisen from the almost entire coincidence in our opinions and ways of thinking upon all momentous subjects; the Catholic question alone excepted. Mrs. Heber told me that I had had no little influence in directing his thoughts and desires towards India: and I have no doubt that some lines in Joan of Arc set him upon the scheme of his poem on the death of King Arthur.

The last extracts which we shall this week take are from letters to Mr. Moxon. This speaks for itself:—

I have been too closely engaged in clearing off the second volume of Cowper to reply to your inquiries concerning poor Lamb sooner. His acquaintance with Coleridge began at Christ's Hospital: Lamb was some two years, I think, his junior. Whether he was ever one of the *Grecians* there might be ascertained, I suppose, by inquiring. My own impression is, that he was not. Coleridge introduced me to him in the winter of 1794-5, and to George Dyer also, from whom, if his memory has not failed, you might probably learn more of Lamb's early history than from any other person. Lloyd, Wordsworth, and Hazlitt became known to him through their connection with Coleridge. When I saw the family, (one evening only, and at that time,) they were lodging somewhere near Lincoln's Inn, on the western side, (I forget the street,) and were evidently in uncomfortable circumstances. The father and mother were both living; and I have some dim recollection of the latter's invalid appearance. The father's senses had failed him before that time. He published some poems in quarto. Lamb showed me once an imperfect copy: the Sparrow's Wedding was the title of the longest piece, and this was the author's favorite: he liked, in his

dotage, to hear Charles read it. * * Cottle has a good likeness of Lamb, in chalk, taken by an artist named Robert Hancock, about the year 1798. It looks older than Lamb was at that time; but he was old-looking. Coleridge introduced him to Godwin, shortly after the first number of the Anti-Jacobin Magazine and Review was published, with a caricature of Gilray's, in which Coleridge and I were introduced with asses' heads, and Lloyd and Lamb as toad and frog. Lamb got warmed with whatever was on the table, became disputatious, and said things to Godwin which made him quietly say, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, are you toad or frog?" Mrs. Coleridge will remember the scene, which was to her sufficiently uncomfortable. But the next morning S. T. C. called on Lamb, and found Godwin breakfasting with him, from which time their intimacy began. His angry letter to me in the Magazine arose out of a notion that an expression of mine in the Quarterly Review would hurt the sale of *Elia*: some one, no doubt, had said that it would. I meant to serve the book, and very well remember how the offence happened. I had written that it wanted nothing to render it altogether delightful but a *saner* religious feeling. This would have been the proper word if any other person had written the book. Feeling its extreme unfitness as soon as it was written, I altered it immediately for the first word which came into my head, intending to re-model the sentence when it should come to me in the proof; and that proof never came. There can be no objection to your printing all that passed upon the occasion, beginning with the passage in the Quarterly Review and giving his letter. I have heard Coleridge say that, in a fit of derangement, Lamb fancied himself to be young Norval. He told me this in relation to one of his poems.

A word more, from a later letter, in continuation of the subject:—

I wish that I had looked out for Mr. Talfourd the letter which Gifford wrote in reply to one in which I remonstrated with him upon his designating Lamb as a poor maniac. The words were used in complete ignorance of their peculiar bearings, and I believe nothing in the course of Gifford's life ever occasioned him so much self-reproach. He was a man with whom I had no literary sympathies; perhaps there was nothing upon which we agreed, except great political questions; but I liked him the better ever after for his conduct on this occasion. He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures except authors; *them* he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels, or as Isaac Walton did slugs, frogs and worms.

In conclusion of our notices of this biography we will begin by gathering one or two more traits and anecdotes of distinguished persons. The following is one of the pleasantest letters in the collection:—

TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

Keswick, June 3, 1833.

My dear Allan,—Thank you in my own name, and in my daughter Bertha's, for the completing volumes of your *Painters*. The work is very far the best that has been written for the Family Library, and will continue to be reprinted long after all the others with which it is now associated. I do not except the *Life of Nelson* from this; the world cares more about artists than admirals after

the lapse of centuries; and as long as the works of those artists endure, or so long as their conceptions are perpetuated by engravings, so long will a lively interest be excited by their lives, when written as you have written them. Give your history of the rustic poetry of Scotland the form of biography, and no bookseller will shake his head at it, unless he is a booby. People who care nothing about such a *history* would yet be willing to read the lives of such poets, and you may very well introduce all that you wish to bring forward under cover of the more attractive title. The biography of men who deserve to be remembered always retains its interest. Are you right as to Lawrence's birthplace? The White Hart, which his father kept at Bristol, is in the parish of Christ Church, not St. Phillip's, which is a distant part of the city. Sir George Beaumont's marriage was in 1774, the year of my birth; he spent that summer here, and Faringdon was with him part of the time, taking up their quarters in the little inn by Lowdore. Hearne, also, was with him here, either that year or soon afterwards; and made for him a sketch of the whole circle of this vale, from a field called Crow Park. Sir George intended to build a circular banqueting-room, and have this painted round the walls. If the execution had not always been procrastinated, here would have been the first panorama. I have seen the sketch, now preserved on a roll more than twenty feet in length. Sir George's death was not from any decay. His mother lived some years beyond ninety, and his health had greatly improved during the latter years of his life. He was never better than when last in this country, a very few months before his death. The seizure was sudden; after breakfast, as he was at work upon a picture, he fainted; erysipelas presently showed itself upon the head, and soon proved fatal. I know that he painted with much more ardor in his old age than at other times of his life, and I believe that his last pictures were his best. In one point I thought him too much of an artist: none of his pictures represented the scene from which he took them; he took the features and disposed them in the way which pleased him best. Whenever you enter these doors of mine, you shall see a little piece of his, (the only one I have,) which perfectly illustrates this: the subject is this very house, and scarcely any one object in the picture resembles the reality. His wish was, to give the character—the spirit of the scene. But whoever may look upon this picture hereafter, with any thought of me, will wish it had been a faithful portrait of the place. He was one of the happiest men I ever knew, for he enjoyed all the advantages of his station, and entered into none of the follies to which men are so easily tempted by wealth and the want of occupation. His disposition kept him equally from all unworthy and all vexatious pursuits; he had as little liking for country sports as for public business of any kind, but had a thorough love for art and nature. And if one real affliction or one anxiety ever crossed his path, in any part of his life, I never heard of it. I verily believe that no man ever enjoyed the world more; and few were more humbly, more wisely, more religiously prepared for entering upon another state of existence. He became acquainted with Coleridge here, before I came into this country; this led to his friendship with Wordsworth, and to his acquaintance with me (for more than acquaintance it can hardly be called.) He has lodged more than once in this house, when it was in an unfinished state. This very room he occupied before the walls were plas-

tered. Next to painting and natural scenery, he delighted in theatricals more than in anything else. Few men read so well, and I have heard those who knew him intimately say that he would have made an excellent actor.

It is only of late that we have learned that among the many literary godchildren to whom Southey gave liberal and judicious counsel in the outset of their lives, the Corn-Law Rhymer was one. This gives peculiar interest to the following notice of Elliot and his works, written after the fierce political agitator had "chipped the shell:"—

I have taken those poems, [the "Corn-Law Rhymes," says Southey,] as the subject of a paper for the Christmas Review, not without some little hope of making the author reflect upon the tendency of his writing. He is a person who introduced himself to me by letter many years ago, and sent me various specimens of his productions, epic and dramatic. Such of his faults in composition as were corrigible, he corrected in pursuance of my advice, and learnt, in consequence, to write as he now does, admirably well, when the subject will let him do so. I never saw him but once, and that in an inn in Sheffield, when I was passing through that town. The portrait prefixed to his book seems intentionally to have radicalized, or rather ruffianized, a countenance which had no cut-throat expression at that time. It was a remarkable face, with pale gray eyes, full of fire and meaning, and well-suited to a frankness of manner, and an apparent simplicity of character such as is rarely found in middle age, and more especially rare in persons engaged in what may be called the warfare of the world. After that meeting I procured a sizarship for one of his sons; and the letter which he wrote to me upon my offering to do so, is a most curious and characteristic production, containing an account of his family. I never suspected him of giving his mind to any other object than poetry, till Wordsworth put the Corn-Law Rhymes into my hands; and then, coupling the date of the pamphlet with the power which it manifested, and recognizing also scenery there which he had dwelt upon in other poems, I at once discovered the hand of my pupil. He will discover mine in the advice which I shall give him. It was amusing enough that he should have been recommended to my notice as an uneducated poet in the *New Monthly Magazine*. In such times as these, whatever latent evil there is in a nation is brought out. This man appeared always a peaceable and well-disposed subject, till Lord Grey's ministry, for their own purposes, called upon the mob for support; and then, at the age of fifty, he let loose opinions which had never before been allowed to manifest themselves, and the fierce puritanism in which he had been bred up burst into a flame.

In our next fragment a few additional touches are laid on the portrait of Byron's antagonist and Coleridge's preceptor in poetry—the retired, eccentric, but amiable sonneteer of Bremhill:—

Look at the history of Bremhill, and you will see Bowles' parsonage; it is near the fine old church, and as there are not many better livings, there are few more pleasantly situated. The garden is ornamented, in his way, with a jet fountain, something like a hermitage, an obelisk, a cross, and some inscriptions. Two swans, who answer

to the name of Snowdrop and Lily, have a pond to themselves, and if they are not duly fed there at the usual time, up they march to the breakfast-room window. Mrs. Bowles has also a pet hawk called Peter, a name which has been borne by two of his predecessors. The view from the back of the house extends over a rich country, to the distant downs, and the white horse may be seen distinctly, by better eyes than mine, without the aid of a glass. Much as I had heard of Bowles' peculiarities, I should very imperfectly have understood his character if I had not passed some little time under his roof. He has indulged his natural timidity to a degree little short of insanity, yet he sees how ridiculous it makes him, and laughs himself at follies which nevertheless he is continually repeating. He is literally afraid of everything. His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good-nature, make him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I ever met with. He is in his seventy-third year, and for that age is certainly a fine old man, in full possession of all his faculties, though so afraid of being deaf, when a slight cold affects his hearing, that he puts a watch to his ear twenty times in the course of the day. * * *

It was last week stated that too little was said concerning the origin of "The Doctor." Indeed, the biographer seems to have been fumbling for the history of its whimsical machinery with an unreadiness which becomes strange, and as amounting almost to the point of incompetence, when the Rev. Mr. Warter's preface to the one-volume edition is recollected. "What the original story of the Doctor and his Horse was I am unable to say accurately," says the Rev. C. Southey. Mr. Warter explicitly reminds us, on the authority of a letter from Southey's self to the lady whom he afterwards married, what was its origin. "There is a story of Dr. D. D., of D., and of his horse Nobs, which has, I believe, been made into a hawker's book. Coleridge used to tell it, and the humor lay in making it as long-winded as possible; it suited, however, my long-windedness better than his, and I was frequently called upon for it by those who enjoyed it, and sometimes I volunteered it, when Coleridge protested against its being told. As you may suppose, it was never twice told alike, except as to names and the leading features." Does it not justify the remarks last week offered, that the *Athenæum* should have to make a present to the biographer of Southey of such a passage as the above—which moreover has been already put in print by Southey's son-in-law? We had a right to be told all that could be told concerning "The Doctor," seeing that the book was an object of solemn joy and whimsical interest to its author during many years of his life. That Southey piqued himself on his pleasantry, may be seen from one of his epistolary confessions:—

Most men play the fool in some way or other, and no man takes more delight in playing it than I do, in my own way. I do it well with children, and not at all with women, towards whom, like John Bunyan, "I cannot carry myself pleasantly," unless I have a great liking for them.

It was only a peculiar section of the public that found the fooling of "The Doctor" pleasant. Quaint, labored, full of odd twists of language, and painful plays upon words, it has always seemed to many, even among those who can master Montaigne and relish Rabelais, while others hold that its pleasantries have at best only that *coterie* significance which, however charming to the initiated, leaves the general world blanked, puzzled, and tried, rather than edified. This is not the case with the crotchets of Lamb, or of Hood, or with the raucous wit of Sydney Smith. Perhaps the key to much of the peculiar tone of "The Doctor's" mirth will be found in the following elaborately-mystifying letter, written to a correspondent, regarding this petted child of the Laureate's gayest hours:—

Keswick, July 20, 1835.

My dear Sir,—A copy of the "unique Opus" came to me upon its first appearance, with my name printed in red letters on the back of the title-page, and, "from the author," on the fly-leaf, in a disguised hand; in which hand, through the disguise, I thought I could recognize that of my very intimate friend, the author of Philip Van Artevelde. He, however, if my theory of the book be well founded, is too young a man to be the author. I take the preparatory postscript to have been written in sincerity and sadness; and if so, Henry Taylor was a boy at the time when (according to the statement there) the book was begun. It may, I think, be inferred from everything about the book, and in it, that the author began it in his blithest years, with the intention of saying, under certain restrictions, *quidlibet de quolibet*, and making it a receptacle for his shreds and patches; that beginning in jest, he grew more and more in earnest as he proceeded; that he dreamt over it, and brooded over it—laid it aside for months and years, resumed it after long intervals, and more often latterly in thoughtfulness than in mirth; fancied, perhaps, at last that he could put into it more of his mind than could conveniently be produced in any other form; and, having supposed (as he tells us) when he began, that the whole of his yarn might be woven up in two volumes, got to the end of a third, without appearing to have diminished the balls that were already spun and wound when the work was commenced in the loom, to say nothing of his bags of wool. To the reasons which he has assigned for not choosing to make himself publicly known, this, no doubt, may be added, that the mask would not conceal him from those who knew him intimately, nor from the few by whom he might wish to be known; but it would protect his face from dirt, or anything worse that might be thrown at it. I see in the work a little of Rabelais, but not much; more of Tristram Shandy, somewhat of Burton, and, perhaps, more of Montaigne; but, methinks, the *quantum quid* predominates. I should be as much at a loss to know who is meant by REVERNE as you have been, if I had not accidentally heard that the only person to whom the authorship is ascribed, upon anything like authority, is the Rev. Erskine Neale. Mrs. Hodson (formerly Margaret Holford) being in the neighborhood of Doncaster, and desirous to hunt out, if she could, the history of the Opus, inquired about it there, and was assured by a bookseller that it was written by this gentleman, who had once resided in that place, but was then living

at Hull. A clergyman whom she met there confirmed this, and there seemed to be no doubt about it in Doncaster. It is plain, therefore, that REVERNE designates this Great-everywhere-else-unknown; but I would not swear the book to him upon such evidence. I can resolve another of your doubts. The concluding signature is not in the Garamma tongue, but in cryptography, or, what might more properly be called, in Dovean language, comicography. If you look at it, and observe that k, e, w spell Q, you will find that when the nut is cracked it contains no kernel. So much concerning a book which is a great favorite with my family, and has helped them sometimes to beguile what otherwise must have been hours of sorrow.

Here we must stop. Having spoken freely of this book as an incomplete and unsatisfactory work, we must, nevertheless, say that it is the main quarry from which future biographers who, like Southey when writing about Cowper, "work in mosaic," will draw their foundations and pillars for any biographical monument which may be on some future day raised to the diligent and gifted author of "Thalaba," "The Life of Nelson," and "The History of the Brazils."

From the Examiner.

TO LORD BROUGHAM.

Your lordship will think it strange enough to receive a letter from me, on any occasion whatever. To save you the trouble of answering it, which, if addressed to you privately, your known politeness might induce, I intend to commit it to the *Examiner*, not without a hope that others of high station may look over your shoulder while you are reading it.

The *Letters and Life of Southey* are now before the public. In these it appears that your lordship, for a moment, took an interest in his occupations and in his welfare. This is somewhat; indeed, it is quite as much as was ever taken by those whose cause he was zealously defending. No man can better judge than you, whether all the writers of a whole century, bishops included, have written so well and so effectively in defence of the Church of England. Within that period more than twenty millions have been enjoyed by the bishops alone for their comparatively small services. The greater part of one million has fallen to the Bishop of London's share; I mean the present bishop's. It is only now, when he is in danger, not from the opposition, but from the proximity of the Pope, that he begins in good earnest to defend the church. He met his holiness half-way in sticking up the candles on the altar, and only deferred the lighting of them until a later hour. He would have left to his holiness half the wax; but was reluctant to yield an ounce of the honey. Southey was little aware in whose defence he drew his weapon. Honest and disinterested, he thought the higher ministers of religion were as pure and conscientious as himself. He thought the English church in danger of falling; and instead of laboring in his own great field, cultivated so long and so much embellished by him, he took the pick-axe on his shoulder and labored in the quarry for materials to support it. And now let us consider what brought it to such a state of dilapidation and decay. It was that which the late Lord Grey perceived, when in the house

of lords he openly warned the bishops to put their house in order. The cry of the nation was loud against them. Honest men and brave men could ill endure that clergymen should be barons and inhabit palaces, while admirals who had served and saved their country were living in lodgings no better than alms-houses. In their plain understandings justly did they scoff at those insincere and hollow sophists, who represented to them that bishoprics were little more lucrative than the salaries of the judges; for perfectly well they knew that the judges had given up a practice at the bar more profitable than the bench affords. Their appointments were always the reward of long labor and tried abilities.

If the church, which Southey so well defended, is now in greater danger than it has ever been since the reign of James the Second, who has brought it to this danger! The bishops, I say, the bishops; some by their intemperate zeal, and alacrity in persecution, others by their abject supineness. There is now an outcry which makes them shake their ears. People will find other remains of popery to sweep away, beside what are lying in the vestry and upon the altar. Surplices and tapers are pushed aside; palaces are about to be turned into school-rooms; the bishop is no longer to be a lord, nor the curate a pauper. Changes, more gradual than such as are now inevitable and near, would have been produced by the wisdom of Southey. What prelate ever thanked him, much less rewarded him, for his labors! Among the servants of the crown, Sir Robert Peel was the only one who acknowledged them. He would have rewarded with honors the true "Defender of the Faith" and the most able champion of our political institutions.

I now come, by direct consequence, to your lordship's letter. It might have been expected, from your generosity to many who are adverse to you in politics, that you would have recommended Southey for one merit or other. Several of your party, now high in office, have idly dipt an infantine hand in the shallower puddles of literature. Small dogs abhor great ones. The fleecy petted poodles of "my lady's chamber" skulked away from the solitary guardian of the house-door. You had less cause for jealousy. I have no hesitation in declaring my opinion that public honors and pecuniary rewards should be bestowed on literary men. Louis the Fourteenth, when France was exhausted by long wars, granted pensions of great amount to Southey's inferiors. The money which our Parliament has granted for building an infant's stables would have richly rewarded the ten greatest geniuses of our country. In my opinion, an academy, not a royal one, but a literary one, ought to be established; not containing forty members, for forty men of genius never were contemporary on the globe, but ten or twelve. Surely it would tend neither to the ruin nor the danger of the country, if five hundred pounds yearly were given to half of them, and three hundred to the other half. Such a proposal is in Southey's letter, and such was published by me twenty years ago in the *Imaginary Conversations*. Whatever the number, it is improbable that I should be nominated, and quite certain that I should refuse it. Whatever honor I am desirous of receiving I can confer upon myself, and would accept none whatever from any other person. In regard to emoluments, I may speak as plainly, or more so. If any of my sons accepted any place under government, I would disinherit him. There

is no danger; nothing will ever be offered to me or mine; we have done nothing to deserve it; and I trust we never shall, knowing by what deserts such favors are obtained. I claim no place in the world of letters; I am alone; and will be alone, as long as I live, and after. Southey, who was foremost in the defence of that edifice which is now crumbling fast away, deserves at least that those nearest and dearest to him should not be quite abandoned. No minister has rewarded him for his services to the state; no chancellor or bishop has conferred on his only son a benefice of forty pounds a year. Sir Robert Peel would never have suffered this ignominy to rest upon our country. Firmly do I believe him to have been the wisest and most honest minister that ever served under the English crown. He was a patron of agriculture, a promoter of commerce, a fosterer of industry, a friend of literature, and, above all, a lover of truth. He died; and with him died the hopes of Southey's family.

I have the honor to be, &c.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

For the Living Age.

FAIREST ENDYMION.

THOUGH underneath mine eyes
The whole world sleeping lies,—
Though as I climb the skies
The hidden river flashes into sight,
And all the clustering trees
Seem blossoming with light,
And the lone islands and the tropic seas
Shine out to greet me, flashing with delight—
I linger on no other mountain's brow.
The gaze that searcheth everywhere,
Through all earthly dwelling and the upper air,
Sees nought in air or earth,
Or of celestial birth,
So beautiful as thou.
And so I linger, linger, watching still
Over that Grecian hill;
All night long keeping
Close and most loving watch above thy sleeping;
Thou on thick leaves and fragrant grass reclining—
Lying so fair beneath the moon's full shining,
Knowest not who pours upon thee from above
Such light and love.
I send down to thee, on unresting ray,
Gleams—visions—thrilling fancies that surround
thee—
And in such deep and willing trance I've bound
thee,
That when my kingly brother, Lord of Day,
Claimeth all heaven from his proper sphere,
I leave thee in a lucid atmosphere,
That folds thee safe under the myrtle leaves,
Fraught with the gentle dawn of summer eves,
So that the sun, which pierceth everywhere,
Cometh not there.
And there, beloved, far from haunts of men,
Sleep till we meet again.
Sometimes my heart misgives me, and I wait,
Even in a noon-day sky;
Pale, pale one that watcheth all too late,
Fearing lest Phæbus should espy
My hidden treasure—then shouldst thou awake!
Thou surely from thy leafy crypt wert taken.
Ah! sleep, Endymion, while the day-light burns—
Sleep till the evening star returns.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL IN MEXICO.

WHEN I was in Mexico, in 183—, I was engaged in a rather troublesome affair; namely, the recovery of a considerable sum of money from a debtor of whose whereabouts not the slightest trace could be found. Speed and energy being, in this matter, of essential importance, I had addressed myself, in consequence, to several gentlemen of the long robe, who possessed reputations for never interfering in difficult cases in vain. All had commenced by promising me their assistance; but as soon as I had named the mysterious debtor—who rejoiced in the title of Don Dionisio Peralta—one and all had drawn back, opposing to my entreaties the most absurd and ridiculous excuses. This one assured me that he would never forgive himself for causing the slightest annoyance to so gallant a caballero as Senor Peralta; that one was attached to the gentleman in question by a *compadrazgo*, or companionship of long standing; while a third, with the most pitiful countenance in the world, brought forward as an objection the reminiscences of a boyish friendship. Finally, a fourth, more frank than the rest, hinted broadly that, independent of all these friendly scruples, there was the fear of a stab in the back some dark night; a proceeding which Senor Peralta had, to all appearances, more than once put in practice, in order to relieve himself of a creditor whose attentions had been too pressing. "The only man I know that can assist you," added he, "is the licentiate, Don Tadeo Cristobal; he has a hand of iron, joined to a lion's heart; in short, he is just the man for you." No sooner had I received this piece of intelligence than I hastened to the *Calle de los Batanes*, where dwelt, as they told me, the licentiate Don Tadeo; but there a fresh disappointment awaited me. Don Tadeo had quitted his lodgings, and no one could or would tell me where he had now set up his tabernacle.

Thoroughly wearied and discouraged at the close of a hot summer's day, the whole of which had been spent in fruitless researches, I was promenading sadly enough under the *Portales de los Mercaderes*, or Merchants' Arcades. I had resolved, as a last chance, to seek some information concerning Don Tadeo from the numerous public writers whose stalls, situated under these galleries, may be considered in the light of so many offices of intelligence, open at all hours to the curious inquirer. But, once fairly under the Arcade, I had completely forgotten the motive which had led me to this species of bazaar, the daily rendezvous of all the idlers in Mexico, and my entire attention was absorbed by the animated picture now spread before my eyes. The reader would, I have no doubt, be less astonished at this distraction of thought, were he to picture to himself the magical aspect of the Plaza Mayor of Mexico an hour before sunset. The *Portales de los Mercaderes* occupy, in fact, one side of this immense square, the three remaining faces of which are taken up by the cathedral, the *Ayuntamiento* and the presidential palace. The two finest streets in Mexico open into the square between these edifices; these are the *Rua de la Primera Monterilla*, with its beautiful shops, and the *Rua de los Plateros*, almost exclusively occupied by silver-smiths and jewellers; then, facing these streets, wherein European commerce displays all its marvels, the petty commerce of Mexico seems to have chosen for the theatre of its operations the sombre arcades of the *Mercaderes*. At

the epoch of my sojourn in the country, no innovating hand had as yet changed the picturesque physiognomy of these arcades. The heavy vaulted arches were supported on one side by the large gloomy-looking stores of the dealers, and on the other by massive pillars, around the bases of which were laid out a succession of *alcenas*, or stalls, abundantly provided with prayer-books, rosaries, daggers, and spurs. By the side of these stalls, as if to represent trade reduced to its very lowest denomination, stood a few ragged *leperos*, who trafficked in glass beads, rings, and trinkets, and who, with their stock-in-trade ingeniously suspended from one finger, pursued their customers with most importunate solicitations. From time to time the dealers in cooked wild-fowl, or *tamales*,* grouped together under the shadow of the arches, mingled with the general hum of the crowd their well-known cry, "*Aquí hay pato grande, mi alma; seniorito venga sted!*"† or the briefer, and no less popular one, of "*Tamales queretanos.*" The passengers and customers were quite as worthy of observation as the dealers. The brilliant colors of the dresses and *tapalos*, the gold of the *mangas*, the medley of tints in the striped *sarapes*, viewed in the dim light which penetrated beneath the pillars, formed altogether a scene worthy of a Venetian carnival masquerade. It was above all in the evening that the throng beneath the arcades of the *Mercaderes* offered a brilliant spectacle. In the evening, shops and stalls are alike closed, and the *Portales* become a political club. Seated upon the threshold of their carefully-secured doors, or gravely pacing this species of cloistered avenue, officers and civilians may be seen conversing together of revolutions past, present, or to come; until the hour arrives when the now almost deserted galleries serve but as a meeting-place for lovers and their fair ones, while their dim and silent vaults echo but to the murmur of the love tale whispered by some Mexican youth into the ear of his *inamorata*.

I had wandered for some time under the *Portales*, when the appearance of a public writer's stall suddenly recalled to my mind the object of my visit. Among the traders of the *Portales* the public writers form a considerable corporation. It must be recollected that in Mexico, elementary instruction being to this day very generally neglected, the functions of the public writers have, amid this illiterate population, lost nothing of their original importance. The docile pen of the "Evangelist"—for such is the title that he rejoices in—is required for a thousand different purposes, more or less delicate, and some of them, it must be said, equivocal enough, from the emptiest of empty love letters, to the mysterious note despatched by the hired bravo to lure his victim into some fatal ambush. The evangelist whom I had especially singled out from among his numerous fellow-laborers, was a little, thin, wrinkled old man, around whose nearly bald crown straggled a few grizzled locks of hair. What had originally attracted my attention to him was the peculiar expression of sardonic joviality which animated his countenance, in other respects insignificant enough. I was about to accost this man, in order to make some inquiries of him respecting the whereabouts of Don Tadeo, when an incident occurred which constrained me to

* Highly seasoned viands, flavored with pimento, &c., and cooked in a maize leaf.

† "I have good ducks, my soul; come, my young señor."

resume my original part of taciturn observer. A young girl had approached the stall of the evangelist. The long plaited hair, which escaped in tresses from beneath her half-open *rebozo*; her sun-burnt complexion; her brown shoulders, which the chemise of fine linen, bordered with lace, left almost bare; her slender waist, which no corset had ever deformed by compression; and, above all, the three petticoats of strongly contrasting colors, which fell in straight folds over her hips, all betrayed in the young client of the evangelist the purest type of the Mexican *china*.*

"Tio Luquillas!" said the young girl.

"What is it?" replied the evangelist.

"I want you."

"So I should imagine, since you called me," rejoined Tio Luquillas; and, fancying that he had guessed the nature of the message which the maiden was about to dictate to him, he unfolded, with great complaisance, a sheet of highly-glazed rose-colored parchment, upon which was depicted a pair of fat cupids, apparently going through some extraordinary gymnastic performances; but the young *china* waved her little brown hand with a gesture of impatience.

"What use can a condemned man make of your rose-colored paper?" said she.

"Ah, diablo!" said the writer, without showing the slightest sign of emotion, whilst the maiden passed one of the long plaited tresses of her hair over her eyes. "So they are adieux, eh?"

A sob was the *china's* only reply; then, leaning over towards the ear of the old scribe, she endeavored to dictate to him a short letter; not, however, without frequently pausing to take breath, and give free course to her tears. Never had the contrast of cold-blooded old age and passionate youth appeared to me so moving. Nor was I the only one to remark it, for there was scarce a promenade who passed the stall of Tio Luquillas who did not cast on the pretty *china* a glance of mingled curiosity and commiseration. The evangelist had folded the letter, which now only required the address, when a passer-by, either more bold or more curious than the rest, advancing suddenly to the stall, interrupted the colloquy between Tio and the *china*. The features of the new comer were not altogether unfamiliar to me, and I remembered that, having been placed beside me at a recent bull-fight, he had commented in the most attractive manner possible, and with the air of a true amateur, on the merits and defects of the exhibition of which we were spectators. The present moment not being a very favorable one for me to question in my turn the evangelist, I waited patiently at a short distance from the group, until the new comer should have taken his departure. This individual, with whom I had had but a few hours' conversation in the circus, inspired me with a sort of interest I in vain endeavored to account for. He was about forty years of age; his features might be called almost noble, despite a cloud of sombre irony which would occasionally flit over them, imparting in its course an expression almost sardonic. Independent of the recollection of our first interview, the strangeness of his costume would have alone been sufficient to recall him to my memory; this consisted in an ample blue mantle, lined with red, and, for a head-dress, a vast *sombrero* of drab felt, bound with broad gold lace.

"For whom is this letter, my child?" demanded he of the *china*, with a certain air of authority.

* The *china* is the *gricette* of Mexico.

The maiden pointed with her finger towards the presidential palace, and murmured a name which did not reach my ears.

"Ah! it's for Pepito, is it?" exclaimed the stranger aloud.

"Alas! yes; and I know not how to get it sent to him."

"Well, well, don't fret about it; we'll devise some means or other. And, stay; as I live, here is an occasion sent expressly for us."

At this moment there was a general rush of the crowd towards the Plaza Mayor. A circumstance of but too frequent occurrence in Mexico, namely, an assassination, had been committed in the public street. The murderer had been seized, his victim raised from the ground, and the *cortège* was now on its way to the nearest prison. This prison was precisely the one in which the young *china's* lover was incarcerated, and I was accordingly at no loss to discover the sense of the words of hope which had been addressed to her by the stranger.

The procession, which was now defiling along the square, possessed in its half ludicrous, half serious aspect an originality thoroughly local. A *cargador*, or street porter, marched at the head, bearing upon his shoulders, by the aid of a leathern strap passed round the forehead—as is the custom of the Mexican porters—a chair, upon which was fastened a man, or rather a dead body, over which had been hastily thrown a bloody coverlid. The assassin, in the custody of four soldiers, followed close after his victim; a few idlers, and some of the friends of the deceased, brought up the rear. Of all these men, each more or less moved or occupied, the most tranquil, beyond all question, was the murderer, who, with the most marvellous nonchalance, strode quietly on between his guards, a cigarito sticking out of one corner of his mouth, from time to time addressing to his victim certain reproaches, which, to his evident surprise, remained unanswered.

"Come, none of your nonsense, Master Panchito," said he, "you know right well that I have not the means of making your wife an allowance. You think yourself a very cunning fellow to feign death in that sort of way; but for all that I'm not your dupe."

But, despite all the assassin said to the contrary, poor Panchito was really and truly dead; and I could not control a shudder when I gazed on the hideous corpse as it was borne close by me, with the bright sun shining on its eyes, which were wide open and fixed in a horrid unearthly stare. The stranger in the *sombrero* was doubtless more accustomed to such sights than I was, for, going straight up to the procession, he stopped it, and placed the *china's* letter in the murderer's hands.

"Listen to me," said he. "You are, of course, acquainted with the illustrious Pepito Rechiffa?"

"What! he that is to be strangled-to-morrow! of course I am; he is my companion."

"Well, as his turn is sure to come first, you will see him by and by in the prison. Give him this letter for me."

"Ah, *Senor Caballero*!" interrupted the young Mexican girl, who, with heaving bosom and eyes bathed in tears, had flung herself at the murderer's feet and seized, in the antique manner, the hem of his garment, "for the sake of the blessed Virgin do not forget to give him this letter. I am so unhappy at not being able to see him."

"Yes, *Linda mia*, yes," replied the assassin, placing his hand over his eyes, and endeavoring to

impart a pathetic tone to his voice; "I have a very soft heart also; and had it not been for this damned Pancho, who was always vexing and annoying me, I should not be here, I can assure you; however, *Preciosita de mi alma!*"

A piece of money, flung by the man in the sombrero to the prisoner, cut short this elegant tirade, and, the soldiers resuming their march, the little procession quickly disappeared round an angle of the *ayuntamiento*. A few women of the lower orders, with the delicate sensibility of the Mexicans, now gathered around the young *china*, and endeavored, but in vain, to persuade her to return home. Resisting all entreaties, I saw her proceed towards the prison, and seat herself at the foot of the wall, her features veiled in the ample folds of the *rebozo*.

The stranger in the sombrero had disappeared in the crowd, and, as the moment was now favorable for me to consult the evangelist, I tapped lightly on the old man's shoulder.

"Can you inform me," inquired I, "where dwells the licentiate, Don Tadeo Cristobal?"

"Don Tadeo Cristobal, did you say? Why, he was here not two minutes ago."

"Here! Don Tadeo!"

"Did you not see how kindly he undertook to have that letter delivered to the bandit, Pepito Rechifa, which had been dictated to me by one of the prettiest *chinas* in Mexico?"

"What! the man in the sombrero and red-lined mantle was Don Tadeo, the licentiate?"

"Himself."

"And where think you shall I be able to find him now?"

"That is a question, *senor*, that I can hardly answer. Properly speaking, he has no dwelling-place: he lives a little everywhere, as one might say. If, however, you have got anything particular to say to him, go this evening, between nine and twelve o'clock, to the *Callejon del Arco*; you will be sure to find him in the last house on the right-hand side, as you enter from the Plaza."

I thanked the writer, and, having left him a few reals in testimony of my gratitude, directed my steps towards the *Callejon del Arco*. Although it was scarcely seven o'clock, I thought it would be well, before night-fall, to reconnoitre the house I purposed visiting a couple of hours later. Experience had taught me that similar precautions were not to be despised in Mexico, and more especially in this instance, as the *Callejon del Arco* had been pointed out to me as one of the most disreputable alleys in the capital.

The appearance of this lane but too well justified the reputation it had acquired. The mass of buildings of which the "Portales de los Mercaderes" forms a portion, and which is known by the name of the *Impedradillo*, does not form a perfect solid square. In front of the cathedral, which faces the south-west, there opens in the *Impedradillo* a narrow lane, the entrance of which bears no ill resemblance to the mouth of one of those caverns formed by the action of the sea in the perpendicular face of a sandy cliff. This is the *Callejon del Arco*. When dazzled by the vivid sun-beams with which the Plaza Mayor is inundated, and which, reflected from the white faces of the buildings and the granite of the foot-way, has an almost blinding effect, you penetrate into this narrow and tortuous alley, the eye, before it has got accustomed to the obscurity, can, after a few moments, but just distinguish another street, which bisects this one at right angles, the junction point forming a small

dark space. There, as in the sea-side caverns, you hear scarce a sound from without, save a low, confused murmur, which as much resembles the distant breaking of the agitated waves as it does the far-off tumult of a populous city. A few rope-makers' stores, some massive and hermetically closed portals, here and there a half-open cellar, alone remind you that you are in the vast metropolis of Mexico, teeming with life and movement. The walls drip with perpetual moisture, and it is only at noon, and that too but for a short period in the middle of summer, that a furtive sunbeam enlivens for a moment the sombre pavement of the *Callejon del Arco*. Then a little fresh life is infused into this dismal lane, until the moment when, the sun regaining the opposite tropic, all sinks once more into darkness and silence.

It was, then, in this spot, and in one of these most disreputable-looking houses, that I was to meet the man who, as everybody had assured me, could alone unravel an affair before which all the lawyers in Mexico had recoiled in dismay. I paused for a few moments to contemplate with surprise the spot so singularly chosen for a lawyer's place of business; but then had not the little episode, of which I was a witness, in itself sufficiently prepared me for the eccentricities of Don Tadeo! How was the tone of easy familiarity with which he addressed the wretch whom he had commissioned before my eyes with the message to Pepito Rechifa, to be explained! How, also, the acquaintanceship which evidently existed between this last named bandit and the licentiate! This strange intimacy of a lawyer with thieves and murderers appeared to me, at first sight, of rather bad augury; the prospect, however, of at length obtaining a settlement of my affair finally decided my wavering purpose, and I quitted the *Callejon del Arco* with the full determination of returning two hours later.

The night had now come; it was one of those beautiful nights of May when the moon, the voluptuous splendor of which is unknown to the inhabitants of our cloudy mist-land, imparts to Mexico an aspect truly magical. Its soft beams now fell from a cloudless sky upon the pointed steeples of the churches and the colored façades of the various public buildings, lighting them up in a thousand different manners. On the Plaza Mayor the crowd was no longer so dense as it had been before sunset; it was also calmer and more contemplative. The promenaders almost whispered their observations, as though fearful of disturbing the serenity of this most lovely night. The gentle sounds of waving fans and rustling silks, and now and then a little burst of feminine laughter, as pure and melodious as the vibrations of a musical glass, joined with the occasional tinkle of a far-off convent bell, alone disturbed the silence of the evening. The women, with their long veils, the men enveloped in the wide folds of their Spanish cloaks, glided along like shadows over the Plaza. Here might be discovered, but ill disguised beneath the ample folds of the national costume, more than one couple whose presence on such a spot, and at such an hour, would have fully confirmed the scandalous gossip of the *salons*. Mingled with this concourse of young and pretty women were also a few of those whom we style on the shady side of thirty, and not a few of the fair, but frail, *doucellas chanchfonas* of whom Perez de Guevara makes honorable mention. I say nothing of the host of adventurers with which Mexico literally swarms;

delicious fellows these, true types of Matamores, swaggering along with their sabres and spurs jingling noisily upon the pavement. Such was the aspect of the Plaza Mayor at the hour when, slowly, and, I must confess, rather irresolutely, I threaded its gay and motley throng on my way to the *Caltejon del Arco*.

At the very first step which I took in this dismal lane, a current of cold air, like that which escapes from the ventilator of a cellar, struck me in the face, and chilled me to the bone. For some minutes I stood motionless at the entrance of the lane, seeking to distinguish some traces of light at the windows or grated doors of the houses; but all was as dark as pitch. I accordingly made up my mind for the worst, and advanced, almost feeling my way as I proceeded, in the direction of the house, which I had noted at sunset. I had nearly reached the open space formed by the intersection of the street, of which I have already made mention, when the sound of footsteps advancing rapidly behind me suddenly reached my ears, and, looking back, I could just discern the figure of a man coming, as I had done, from the Plaza. I drew up to the wall to let him pass, but, in so doing, the long rapier worn by this nocturnal rambler somehow or other got entangled between my legs; I stumbled forward, and, to avoid a fall, which would otherwise have been inevitable, grasped hold of his cloak. The man stepped quickly aside, and the sudden rasping sound of the steel warned me that he had drawn his sword.

"Capo di Dios!" shouted he; "is it my person or my cloak that you want, *senor thief*?"

I fancied that I recognized this voice, and so hastened to reply,—

"I am neither a thief nor an assassin, *Senor Don—Don—*"

I had hoped that the stranger would have come to the assistance of my memory, and have mentioned his name, but in this I was disappointed, for he did nothing of the kind, but, leaning his back against the door of a neighboring house, demanded roughly who I was and what I wanted with him.

"I seek the dwelling of the licentiate, *Don Tadeo Cristobal*," replied I; "and, if I am not mistaken, this is the very house before which we are now standing."

"Ah! and who told you of this house, may I ask?"

"*Tio Luquillas*, the evangelist. I wish to consult *Don Tadeo* on an affair of importance."

"Well, it is to *Don Tadeo* himself that you are now speaking."

The costume of this individual, whose features were indistinguishable in the gloom, was, in fact, the same as that worn some few hours previously by my friend in the *sombrero*, whose real name *Tio Luquillas* had given me. I hastened to reply to *Don Tadeo*, felicitating myself on this lucky rencontre, and demanding a few moments' conversation with him in private.

"Most willingly," replied he; "I am quite prepared to enter with you upon your business; but, first of all, let us get into this house—we shall be able to converse more at our ease." And, as he spoke, he knocked with the hilt of his rapier upon the door against which he had been leaning. "My profession," added he, "obliges me to adopt some precautions; you will comprehend by and by wherefore. Do not be astonished at my singular

domicile; they must have told you that I was an original, and they are right, too."

As he spoke, a loud noise of bolts and chains undoing informed us that we were about to be admitted, and immediately afterwards the heavy door swung slowly back upon its hinges. The porter, who carried a lantern in his hand, bowed respectfully to the licentiate, who made a sign to me to follow him. Crossing rapidly the *zaguan*, or vestibule, we climbed a steep wooden staircase, and finally stopped before a green baize door surmounted by a transparency, upon which might be read the following words in letters of most gigantic proportions:—*SOCIETAD FILARMONICA*. A confused medley of discordant shouts and cries reached our ears from the saloon dignified with this ambitious title.

"Are these your clients who are kicking up such a row inside there, *senor licentiate*?" demanded I of *Don Tadeo*. Without replying, he pushed open the door, and we found ourselves in a vast and dimly-lighted room. A long table, covered with green cloth, and surrounded with players, occupied the centre of the apartment; in addition to lights in sconces fastened around the wall, four wax-candles, as tall as those used in the Mexican churches, and confined in tin tubes, completed the illumination of the saloon. A few small tables, ranged at equal distance along the side of the room, served for those who might desire refreshments; such as infusions of tamarinds and rose water, or Barcelona brandy. Finally, at the further end of the room, there arose a species of high dais, ornamented with rough fresco delineations of bassoons, horns, clarionets, &c., &c., doubtless for the purpose of recalling to the minds of the frequenters the original destination of the establishment.

The reader may imagine my feelings of surprise on first putting foot into such a den as this, at the moment when I imagined I was going to be introduced into a lawyer's office. With some feelings of distrust I glanced at my companion; it was indeed the man that I had met at the circus, and under the "*Portales de los Mercaderes*." With his strange costume, his long rapier, and his thick dishevelled hair, *Don Tadeo* had, it must be confessed, much more the air of a brigand than of a sober jurist. Scarcely had he taken three steps in the room when he was accosted by two individuals, who seemed, by their appearance, the fitting representatives of the cavern they frequented.

"How goes the illustrious *Senor Don Tadeo to-night*?" exclaimed the first, a species of giant, extending as he spoke, with an air at once ferocious and awkward, a fist of about the size and shape of a leg of mutton.

"Better than those whom you have a grudge against, *Master Pearce*," replied the licentiate, fixing upon his interlocutor as he spoke a glance as cold and piercing as the blade of his rapier. "Do you know," he continued, "that your reputation is made now in Mexico as well as in Texas, above all since—"

"Hush!" returned the American quickly, evidently but little desirous of hearing the completion of the licentiate's phrase. "With your permission, I wish to consult you."

"Just now," replied the man of the law, "I must give the preference to this caballero, whom I met before you."

"For mercy sake, hear me first, *Senor Licentiate*," interrupted a gray-headed individual, who wore the Mexican costume, and who squinted horribly.

"Ah! is that you, *Navaja*?" replied Don Tadeo, coolly surveying the Mexican, who evidently quailed beneath his eye. "Is it still a question of that bad affair?"

"Hush!" cried the Mexican, in his turn; "since it is your good pleasure, *senor*, I will take the third place."

It had merely sufficed for Don Tadeo to make allusion to two episodes, neither of them probably redounding much to the credit of the individual in question, to be quickly rid of their importunities. I could not help admiring the power possessed by my companion; a power evidently acquired at the price of an intimate and perilous commerce with the most lawless heroes of Mexican vagabond life.

"And now, *Senor Caballero*," said the licentiate, turning to me, "may I have the honor of knowing who you are, and what affair it is that has induced you to consult me? It must be a delicate matter, for none have recourse to my intervention but to resolve difficulties which my fellow-laborers consider insurmountable. It is, I have no doubt, one of these worthy legists who has advised you to address yourself to me."

I named the licentiate who had vaunted the intrepid heart and well-tried sword of Don Tadeo Cristobal.

The latter shook his head with a disdainful smile.

"It is a dangerous affair, I can see," he rejoined. "The man you have named is my declared enemy, and he never sends me any other jobs but these. I have a strange line of business, it must be confessed; and for that reason I may be excused for my promptness in unsheathing my rapier in the public streets at night. But what would you have? I am from Seville, and have not passed some years of my life for nothing among the bullies of the suburbs of Triana."

"You are a Spaniard?"

"Undoubtedly I am, and before adopting the legal profession I was what they called an *uracan y calavera*.* You see in me, *senor*, a student of Salamanca, that beautiful city, in which some years ago some choice spirit composed this rhyme:

En Salamanca la tuna
Auduve marzo y abril;
Ninas he visto mas de mil
Pero comotu ninguna.†

"And I, too, *senor*, have made quatrains in this joyous city as well as the rest, ay, and sung them too; and it was in consequence of a serenade, interrupted, unhappily, by a duel, which was followed by the death of a man, that I was compelled to seek my fortune in New Spain. To insure success here, I possessed in an eminent degree two precious qualities which are rarely allied; namely, jurisprudence, and the art of fencing. And you yourself must have seen just now that I have not altogether lost my old *uracan* humor. Upon my life, *senor*, it is a most fortunate thing that I did not put my sword through your body; but, to

* Literally, "hurricane gentleman;" a phrase which may be almost rendered by our slang term, "out and outer."

† "In Salamanca I have led a joyous life in the months of March and April. Of young maidens I have seen more than a thousand, but not one equal to thee."

obtain my pardon for the rough greeting I gave you, permit me to offer you an infusion of tamarinds, or a glass of Catalonian *refino*."

And, without giving me time to put in a word, he drew me towards one of the side-tables, at which we seated ourselves. My astonishment increased in measure as I improved my acquaintance with this singular personage. It was not until after we had been served that Don Tadeo would consent to hear an explanation of my affair, which I gave him as briefly and as clearly as possible.

"Very good," said he. "It concerns a debtor that you have not been able to find; but you know at least his name?"

"That is the point," said I; "for it is a name which somehow or other affected your colleagues with very lively feelings of sympathy; for, after hearing it, not one has dared to take the matter in hand."

"Let's hear the terrible name. I am curious to learn if it will produce the same effect upon me."

"I will whisper it to you," replied I. "My debtor is named Don Dionisio Peralta."

The countenance of the licentiate did not change.

"And how much does he owe you?"

"Fourteen hundred piastres."

"Stay," said Don Tadeo, after a moment's reflection, "we will ascend just now to the terrace on the top of this house, where we shall be able to talk over this matter more at leisure. But, in the first place, permit me to despatch these two worthies, who are waiting for their turn. The interest of your affair, besides, demands that I should not resume my consultation with you until I have collected some positive information of an indispensable nature from the frequenters of this house. All that I require of you is, that you do not manifest the slightest surprise in case you should hear things you do not exactly comprehend."

I pressed the hand of the licentiate, and we rose and approached the group of players, which had considerably increased in number since our entrance. A double row of anxious spectators surrounded the green cloth, upon which the piastres rolled with a very enticing sound. The licentiate passed his two clients, the Mexican and the American, making a sign to them to wait for him, and walked up to a young man, who, standing amongst the spectators, kept his eyes ardently fixed upon the play-table. This youth, whose countenance was of a pale and sickly yellow, wore upon his long and sleek hair a little and almost brimless hat, and over his shoulder a threadbare *scavine*, or short mantle. He looked the very picture of a solicitor's clerk, regretting his inability to risk his employer's entire fortune on the hazard of a card.

"Ortiz," said the licentiate, tapping him lightly on the shoulder, "have you got any writing materials with you?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk, drawing from his pocket a rouleau containing paper, pens, and ink. The licentiate seated himself apart from the throng, wrote hastily a few lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his clerk; who, having replied to the whispered instructions of his master by a low inclination of the head, instantly quitted the room.

This done, the licentiate begged me to have patience for a few moments longer, until he should have given his two clients their promised consultation, and I accordingly mingled with the crowd which pressed eagerly round the magic board. And, certainly, a more curious spectacle it has

seldom been my lot to witness than this reunion of adventurers of all species and of every clime; where the strangest types of the old Spanish romances seemed on this occasion to have met together with one consent. One highly characteristic detail above all struck me as remarkable: in front of the banker lay a long Catalan knife, as bright, keen, and sharp as a razor. A charitable warning which he gave to the players soon explained to me the use to which this knife was destined. "I warn all the gentlemen here present," said he, "that if one of them attempts to confound his loose cash with the bank, I'll nail his hand without mercy to the table." As this strange threat appeared neither to astonish nor offend any one, I accordingly concluded that the case foreseen by the banker must have presented itself more than once. Despite, however, the strangeness of the scenes of which I was now a spectator, I had begun to get wearied of the quick and regular exchange of money which was passing before me, the monotonous sounds of which were varied only by the voice of the banker, and an occasional interjection or oath from one of the players, when my meditations in front of the green cloth were put to flight by the return of the licentiate, who led me to a table placed at the further end of the room, at which his two clients—the squinting Mexican and the gigantic Yankee—were most fraternally seated. The American was swigging away at a bottle of Catalonian *refino*, while his companion was engaged in the discussion of a glass of iced tamarind water, which he was imbibing in little sips.

"Well, señor," said the licentiate to me, with an expressive glance, "here are two caballeros who will remove all your scruples of conscience on the subject of the fourteen hundred piastres you owe me; and who are ready to affirm that you can pay them in all tranquillity of mind by the cession to me of the sum in which Don Dionisio Peralta is your debtor. Señor Peralta will honor his signature with the best grace in the world."

"I did n't say that," exclaimed the Yankee with a loud horse-laugh; "I don't know if he will pay with a good grace; all I know is, he shall pay, or else—"

"Gently, gently," interrupted Don Tadeo; "from the moment that Peralta becomes my debtor his life is precious to me, and I must insist upon its being respected."

"Señor Peralta will pay with the best grace in the world, I'll answer for it," said the Mexican, sipping his infusion of tamarinds as if it had been fire-water.

"Let him pay, that is all I require," rejoined the licentiate; "but is not that Pepito Rechiffa I see yonder with my clerk? Come, Ortiz has well fulfilled his commission."

The name of Pepito recalled to my mind the pretty *china* whom I had seen in such despair under the Portales de los Mercaderes. As for the gentleman who rejoiced in the name, he was one of those dark-complexioned, long haired, free and easy going worthies only to be met with under the tent of the wandering Bohemian, or in the streets of Mexico. As soon as Pepito caught sight of the licentiate, he ran towards him, and pressed his hand with every demonstration of the most profound gratitude. "Ah! Señor Licentiate," said he, "I shall never forget that it is to you I owe my life; I was condemned to be strangled the day after to-morrow, and it is you who have saved me from the claws of the *Juz de Letras*: it is thanks

to some reals from your purse that I have been restored to liberty. Yes, Señor Licentiate, do not feign astonishment; I know that it is you who are my saviour; your clerk, Ortiz, told me so."

"Ortiz is a blockhead," replied Don Tadeo, dryly; "but I rejoice no less at your good fortune, for I shall want to speak to you to-morrow morning, and I count upon your punctuality. In the mean while here is a piastre for your supper."

"For my supper! That's good, faith," replied the brigand. "I am never hungry but when I have nothing in the pocket. When I have a piastre I play it."

So saying, the illustrious Pepito swaggered off to the gaming table. The Yankee and the Mexican rose at the same time and followed him. Don Tadeo, thus freed from his importunate clients, drew me aside.

"You see those three fellows," said he; "think you that there are many debtors who could long resist such bailiffs; above all, when it touches a debt ceded to the licentiate, Don Tadeo! You doubtless understood me when I dwelt strongly on the cession in your presence; my name is one arm more to employ in this perilous war; but, the war once over, the benefits thereby derived will be for you less the expenses of the campaign, which you will permit me to deduct therefrom, along with the honors of the victory."

"But how are you to get hold of this Peralta?" inquired I. "Up to the present moment I have never been able to obtain the slightest clue to his whereabouts."

"That will be my business, and the business of those three worthies yonder, to whom I had the honor to introduce you this evening. Don Dionisio Peralta is a bad paymaster, but a first-rate swordsman. However, we shall see."

I now recalled to Don Tadeo's recollection that he had appeared desirous of conversing more at length on the subject of my affair, and I accordingly offered to satisfy his curiosity on this point. In reality, I sought but an occasion of improving my acquaintance with this singular personage. Don Tadeo seemed to divine my secret intention.

"It is now half-past ten," said he, looking at his watch; "I am at your orders, señor, until midnight. Let us ascend to the *azotea*, which at this hour is deserted. The night is fine, and we can converse there at our ease."

On gaining the terrace, we both of us involuntarily paused for a few moments in silent contemplation of the majestic scene which lay outspread beneath us. At our feet lay the ancient city of the Aztecs, with its innumerable domes, cupolas, and steeples, capriciously but most brilliantly lighted up by the rays of the moon. Near us, the cathedral projected over the immense Plaza Mayor its double and gigantic shadow. Further off, the Parial reared aloft its black mass amid the spaces whitened by the nocturnal lights, like a dusky shoal amid the breaking waves of the ocean. Still further off might be recognized the elegant cupola of Santa Theresa, the fine domes of the convent of San Francisco, the steeples of St. Augustine and of the Bernardines; and behind this majestic accumulation of pinnacles, cupolas, and painted steeples, the distant country might be faintly described through the white vapors which, ascending from the lakes towards the sky, hung around the city like a luminous curtain of silvery gauze.

Don Tadeo was the first to break silence by addressing to me some questions relative to my legal

affair, which he had undertaken to bring to a favorable conclusion. I hastened to reply to his interrogatives, promising myself to lead him on soon to give me some revelations respecting his own previous career, which could not fail of being curious; but the licentiate had fallen into a deep reverie, and I had begun to despair of drawing him from his reserve, when the strangest chance came to my assistance; it was nothing more than the tolling of a far distant bell, which arose suddenly like a wail amid the profound silence of the night. On hearing the bell, Don Tadeo shook his head, turned deadly pale, and, finally, hid his face in his hands. At length, with a sudden effort, he roused himself, and, grasping my arm, exclaimed, "Do you not hear that bell?"

"To be sure I do," replied I; "and if I am not mistaken, it is the passing-bell which they are ringing at the convent of the Bernardines."

"At the convent of the Bernardines!" repeated the licentiate in a strangely altered tone of voice; "at the convent of the Bernardines, do you say?"

"I should imagine so by the direction," replied I.

"Well, well, let us descend; this sound makes me ill."

"Why return so soon? do you not prefer breathing the air of this beautiful moonlight night to that of the horribly close and smoky den we have just quitted?"

The licentiate did not reply. The bell, whose tollings became more and more distinct, evidently exercised upon my companion a species of influence to me utterly inexplicable. I know not if Don Tadeo at length remarked my undisguised surprise; but perhaps he but gave way to the strength of his feelings when, grasping my hand, and amid stifled sobs, he let these strange words escape:—

"You must listen to me; I never hear the tolling of this passing-bell without beholding, as in a strange and fantastic dream, the saddest episode of my adventurous life flit before my eyes. Nothing in me will more vividly excite your surprise when you shall have learned the horrible event this passing-bell recalls to my memory."

I made a sign to the licentiate that I was ready to listen to him; and I now transcribe the story as nearly as possible as he related it to me, and with a degree of coolness and self-possession, too, that I was scarcely prepared for after his sudden and agitated exordium:—

"In the year 1825, an attempt at assassination was committed in Mexico. This is unhappily a circumstance of but too ordinary occurrence in the capital, and if public attention was fixed for a brief space upon the matter, it was chiefly on account of the circumstances with which it was accompanied. It was on account of this strangeness that the affair of which I now speak, instead of being briefly related in the last columns of the papers, figured among the events of more or less importance which possess the privilege of occupying for a week or two the attention of the frivolous and idle population of Mexico. A singular mystery, in fact, shrouded this attempt at murder.

"Early one morning, when the Paseo of Bucareli* was yet empty, a hackney coach had taken up its station in a retired part of the promenade. The coachman had descended from his box, and now held himself discreetly aloof, as if he divined the motives for which he had been hired. Was it a man or a woman that this *providencia* (you know that it is by this name they designate the hackney-

coaches of Mexico) had led to a rendezvous? The carefully closed blinds interdicted all conjecture in this respect; but later it was known that there was in this carriage a young female of exquisite beauty, who, giving way to Creole vanity, had decked herself for the occasion in all her diamonds. Creoles, you know, have the weakness of wishing to appear as rich as they are beautiful; and yet, with all that she could do, this young girl was still more beautiful than she was rich. Some minutes had thus elapsed when a man, enveloped in the folds of a large cloak, advanced towards the carriage; the door flew open at his approach, and as quickly closed upon him.

"A meeting of this kind was too much a thing of daily occurrence to astonish the coachman, who flung himself beneath the shade of the poplar trees, and soon fell fast asleep. When he awoke, the carriage was still in the same place, but the shadow of the poplar trees, instead of stretching towards the west, as at the hour when he fell asleep, now pointed towards the east. In other words, the sun had now nearly completed his course, and the evening had succeeded to the morn. It was the hour when the Paseo began to fill. The coachman, astonished at having slept so long, jumped up, ran to the carriage, and called, but, receiving no reply, he opened the door. A horrible spectacle met his eyes. In a half sitting, half recumbent posture, lay the young female in a state of insensibility, the cause being but too clearly explained by the blood with which the vehicle was inundated. The life-blood still flowed from a deep wound in the side, which at first sight appeared mortal, evidently inflicted by the surely-directed poniard of some skillful brigand. Of all the brilliants which had sparkled on the bosom and in the ears of the young Creole not one remained. The unhappy girl had thus found an assassin in place of a lover, and theft had followed murder. The cries of the coachman soon attracted a crowd of persons, among whom was fortunately a physician, who, after a short examination, discovered that the victim still breathed. Nothing now remained but to carry her to the nearest convent, which was accordingly done. This convent was that of the Bernardines. This first duty of humanity fulfilled, the task of justice commenced. But while the physicians endeavored, and successfully too, to restore the unhappy woman to consciousness, the exertions of the magistrates to arrest the murderer were not crowned with the same success. The coachman was the first individual arrested; but his innocence being speedily recognized, he was set at liberty. They arrested afterwards a young Spaniard, whose marked attentions to the young Creole were known to every one. The latter learned thus at the same time the infidelity and probable death of her he desired to make his wife. It was a frightful blow"—(here the voice of Don Tadeo trembled visibly)—"and it almost cost him his reason. At the end of a year the Spaniard was released for want of proofs, but he left his prison ruined by law expenses, and with his heart deprived of its sweetest illusions. He learned then that she who had deceived him, and whom he had wept for dead, still lived, but that she had renounced the world, and had taken the veil in the convent to which she had been carried after the event of the Paseo. He made no attempt, however, to see her; but all his efforts, all his thoughts, were now directed to one end, and that end was vengeance. Mexican justice had failed in tracing the assassin; he determined upon continu-

* A public promenade in Mexico.

ing the too speedily abandoned researches, and of succeeding even where the culpable indolence of the authorities had declared success impossible."

Here the licentiate paused; the convent bell still continued its dismal tollings, and I began to comprehend the emotion which these lugubrious sounds aroused in his mind.

"This Spaniard, you must have already guessed, was myself. I had succeeded in abstracting from the papers connected with this sad affair a letter found upon the young girl, appointing the meeting between her and her assassin. This was for me the sole thread by the aid of which I was to wind my way through that sombre labyrinth in which Mexican justice had lost itself. From that moment there commenced in my career a dark and agitated period which death alone can terminate. I made up my mind to live from henceforth amid thieves and murderers, in the hope, with the aid of their revelations, of gaining knowledge of the secret which preoccupied my mind. Under the pretext of practising my profession, I eagerly embraced all lawsuits which offered me an occasion of interrogating these wretches, of penetrating into their haunts and lurking-places. From that moment there was not a single crime committed in Mexico the perpetrator of which I could not at need have denounced to justice. The most secret associations of malefactors had no mysteries for me. You have doubtless heard mention made of the celebrated band of the *ensebados*, who, for an entire year, spread terror throughout the whole of the Mexican capital. These *ensebados* were men who, at night, after having imbedded their bodies with grease or oil, would dart suddenly from their lurking-places on the unwary and belated passenger, and either plunder him of his property or stab him with their poniards. One only of these bandits, as unseizable as a snake, was enabled to escape the efforts of a body of vigorous soldiers. Well, señor, this chief of the *ensebados* is known to me; he has not quitted Mexico, and at any day, or any hour, I can name him if need requires. This is but one of my singular discoveries; I could give you a thousand. Thanks to this life of incessant and perilous research, I acquired a degree of experience which rendered me the dread of these wretches whose disreputable antecedents were all known to me. Very frequently also my life was in danger, and more than one malefactor has attempted to punish in my person an incommensurable overseer; but the services which my knowledge of the law enables me to render them, has acquired for me, on the other hand, a number of clients sufficiently devoted to my interests to prevent a recurrence of these attempts, which would cost my enemies dear. At the present moment I enjoy almost with impunity the influence which I exercise over the most redoubtable brigands in Mexico; and, as you can yourself perceive, I have at my order a well-disciplined force, ready to lend support to honest men who may stand in need of my assistance."

"This is my case," replied I, "and I cannot help felicitating myself on having been so fortunate as to meet with you; but you do not tell me if your efforts to discover the assassin of the Paseo were finally crowned with success."

"Completely so. I was fortunate enough to discover the evangelist whose pen, under the dictation of a cowardly assassin, had traced the fatal lines which had lured my betrothed to the Paseo. This individual was known to the writer, and he put me on his track. I discovered him; I had him

in my power, and could at any moment deliver him up to justice. By so doing I should thus have attained the end for which I had been so long and painfully striving. But, would you believe it, señor? I did nothing of the kind. Many years had elapsed since the day on which the attempt had been committed; and, by dint of living with these unfortunates, I had learned to pity rather than to hate them. I had succeeded even in forging for myself, as it were, out of their perversity, a set of weapons by the aid of which I could terminate certain affairs before which Mexican justice avowed itself powerless. The assassin of the Paseo is one of these instruments that I could break at a word; but which I prefer employing under my own eye in the service of my numerous clients."

A fresh silence succeeded to these words; the monotonous tolling of the passing-bell still continued.

"Since that period I have never beheld her who was to have been my bride, but who now wears the veil," resumed Don Tadeo; "but I receive news of her from time to time by a sure channel, and I am aware that for some time back her health has been gradually giving way. You now perceive why the passing-bell of the Bernardines makes me tremble."

I was about to propose to Don Tadeo to descend from the terrace in order to escape the melancholy influence of this funeral-knell, when the entrance door of the *azotea* creaked upon its hinges, and the ill-favored Mexican, whom the licentiate had named Navaja, glided rather than walked towards us. He was pale with terror, and every now and then would cast an uneasy glance behind him, as if to assure himself that he was not followed.

"It is the demon in person," cried he, leaning against the balustrade to regain breath.

"Of whom are you speaking?" demanded the licentiate.

"Of the American; he is now at his third bottle of *refino*, and is roaring out what he calls his war song. It is a wild Indian under the skin of a white man. He has been counting up the scalps he has taken, all the murders he has committed in his lifetime; and—would you believe it!—he aspires to the honor of adding the skin of my skull to the rest of his trophies! I repeat to you, this man is a devil—he literally smells of blood."

"How modest we are become all at once!" replied the licentiate, in the scornful tone of voice he habitually made use of when addressing the Mexican. "And since when, may I ask, has the sight and smell of blood been so terrible to you?"

It was a fearful gayety that of Don Tadeo. The question which he had addressed to the Mexican had apparently excited in the breast of the latter that sort of cowardly rage and hatred which a tiger might be supposed to feel for his human custodian. Don Tadeo, however, appeared not to remark the impression he had made; he seemed, on the contrary, to take a peculiar pleasure in irritating the wretch whom he kept almost quivering with suppressed rage under his cutting sarcasms. An allusion to the affair of the Paseo suddenly explained to me the reason of this outbreak of irony. I had before me the man upon whom the licentiate had power at any moment to wreak his vengeance, but whom he permitted to live; he who had attempted the life of the unhappy girl whose passing-bell was perhaps even now tolling. "Does not that bell from the Bernardines yonder remind you of anything?" were the words made use of by Don

Tadeo; but this last stroke had exhausted the patience of the Mexican, who, in place of replying, sprang on the licentiate, and endeavored to wrest his rapier from him; but the latter was on his guard, and, without even making use of his sword, repelled his aggressor with a vigorous arm.

"Come, come," said he, "you forget with whom you have to do. I pardon you this time; but away with you this instant out of my sight."

Utterly stupefied and crest-fallen, the Mexican did not wait to hear the order repeated, but, with downcast eyes and stealthy tread, retired from the *azotea*. I could not resist complimenting Don Tadeo on the courage and coolness of temper he had displayed in this little affair. "What would you have?" replied he, with a melancholy smile; "you know in what university I have taken my degrees. I am sufficiently acquainted with suffering to estimate life at its precise value. But let us descend; you have no further instructions to give me relative to your affair, and, in the course of a few days from this, I hope I shall have some good news for you."

We descended rapidly from the *azotea*, and were soon upon the vast, and now deserted, Plaza Mayor, at the entrance of the *Callejon del Arco*. Here we separated; the licentiate proceeding towards the Rúa de los Batanes, and I to that of the Monterilla.

A month had elapsed without my hearing any tidings of the licentiate, and I was beginning to get seriously alarmed for his safety, fearing lest he had fallen victim to some of those ambushes so frequently laid for him, when one morning a billet, which he transmitted to me by the hand of his clerk, Ortiz, explained the reason of his long delay. Two causes had prevented him from occupying himself in my business with his customary activity; "The first cause, and that which you have probably guessed," wrote he, "is this—the bell we heard a month ago was for *her*. When I had partially got over this blow, and began my labors afresh, I was suddenly confined to my bed in consequence of a wound—happily slight—received in one of those ambushes in which I have more than once nearly met my end. I can now, however, inform you that your affair is in the highway towards a speedy settlement. I have succeeded, but not without difficulty, in discovering the whereabouts of Don Dionisio Peralta, and have set the three worthies whom you know upon his track. Adieu. Make no efforts to see me, and in a few days you will receive, I trust, more satisfactory intelligence."

Eight days, in fact, had nearly elapsed when I received a fresh message from the licentiate; this letter contained a detailed account of the campaign he had been carrying on against Dionisio Peralta, and which had happily terminated in favor of Don Tadeo. The licentiate's three Janissaries, namely, Pepito Rechiffa, John Pearce, the fire-eating Yankee, and Navaja, the Mexican, had successively waited on Dionisio Peralta to reclaim payment of a debt which they affirmed had been ceded to them by the licentiate, Don Tadeo. Peralta, who, despite his magnificent airs, was a gentleman of their own stamp, had at first received them with all the arrogance of a stage captain; but the significant threats of the three bandits had speedily brought him to terms. Peralta well knew the reputations of the men with whom he had to do; it was war to the knife that was declared; while the influence of the licentiate, whose arm directed these formidable bullies, rendered the match decidedly unequal.

He had accordingly ended by proposing an arrangement which the licentiate had hastened to accept. Peralta possessed, in the little village of Tacuba, at about a league's distance from Mexico, a small country-house, the value of which about equalled, or nearly so, the amount of his debt. He consented to make this over to Don Tadeo, who had at once taken possession of the property in his own name. It only remained for me now to receive over this house from the licentiate, in order to conclude the whole affair. Accordingly, Don Tadeo warned me to expect him at an early hour on the following day. We were to repair together to the ancient domain of my former debtor, where I should be at once installed as legitimate proprietor.

On the following morning the licentiate was punctual to his appointment, bringing with him two saddle-horses. I was anxious to make acquaintance with my new property, and, above all, to witness the ceremonies incidental to a taking possession in Mexico. As we rode along I felicitated the licentiate on the lucky star which, in this recent occurrence, had once again protected his life; expressing at the same time also my regret at having perhaps drawn down upon him the vengeance of Dionisio Peralta; but he replied, that nothing in the affair seemed to justify my suppositions, and that, according to all appearances, the man who had projected this latest attempt on his life, was none other than the assassin of the Paseo. "However that may be," he added, "my suspicions of Master Navaja have not deterred me from employing him in your affair, where his zeal has been very useful to me. With the exception of some hours of intoxication or vertigo, during which they are half mad, these men obey blindly at all times the will of him who makes them feel his superiority. Consequently, in a letter that Peralta wrote to me to announce his submission, I have read with regret certain threats directed against the rascal who attempted my life, and who, it appears, has been the most active of the three worthies I set upon your debtor. As Peralta is not a man to threaten in vain, I fear I shall be but too soon revenged."

While thus chatting together we had reached the country, if one can call by this name the arid plains near the capital, which we now crossed at full gallop. The heat was almost insufferable, and a mournful silence reigned around us. All at once the sounds of rapidly advancing horse's hoofs reached our ears, and we were soon joined by a caballero, in whose person I had no difficulty in recognizing Master Pepito Rechiffa. The bandit was attired with a certain air of dandyism; he wore a blue *manga* lined with Indian yellow, and bestrode a horse equipped in the height of Mexican fashion. He saluted us with an air of mingled courtesy and protection.

"You will pardon me, Senor Licentiate," said he, "if I take the liberty of joining you; but, as you told me that you purposed making a little excursion to-day, I thought you would not be sorry to have one companion more. This road is not over safe, and," added he, casting an expressive glance at the arm on which the licentiate still wore a scarf, "it is not always prudent to risk yourself so far from home. I have, however, reason to believe that we shall not have any occasion to draw steel to-day." And as he pronounced this phrase with solemn slowness, Pepito leaned over and whispered some words into the ears of the licentiate, the import of which I could not catch; I

remarked only that he called the attention of Don Tadeo to a group of rocky hills which rose to our left, and over which now hovered a flock of large black vultures. Without replying to Pepito, the licentiate checked his steed for a moment, and turned his eyes towards the hills with an expression of painful surprise. He afterwards made a sign to us to continue our course, spurring his horse vigorously; a proceeding which we hastened to follow, and some minutes later we were galloping through the streets of the little village in which my new property was situated.

The house ceded to me by Don Tadeo was situated at the furthest extremity of the village. Numerous groups of peasantry, who had repaired hither in order to come in for their share of the largesses which invariably accompany every ceremony in Mexico, were stationed before the house, and aided us in recognizing it. It was a little building of very deplorable appearance, ornamented in front by a sort of corridor supported by brick pillars. Numerous crevices traversed the walls in all directions, indicating the imperious necessity of a thorough repair. At the back of the house, between four walls crowned with moss and bits of broken glass, lay a little garden overrun with rank weeds. The care-taker who had been placed in the house by Don Tadeo opened the door for us, and we entered. The interior was even more desolate than its outward appearance had promised; the plaster of the walls and ceilings was crumbling away in large patches; the worm-eaten and rickety stairs creaked sadly under our footsteps, and the garden could show scarcely any produce save an inextricable mass of thistles, nettles, and house-leek, the whole overshadowed by a few fruit-trees, of very sickly appearance. Taking it altogether, however, the dilapidated little tenement, with its uncultivated dependency, might be about equal in value to the sum due, and that was all I required, especially as, with a debtor of Don Dionisio Peralta's kidney, it would not do to be too particular.

After inspecting the lower part of the house and the garden, we ascended to the first floor. The first apartment which we entered seemed to be the sitting-room, and evidently had not been opened for years, to judge by the musty odor which saluted our olfactorys. We hastened to throw open the massive shutters and give admittance to the light and air. A vast quantity of cobwebs, as thick and strong as the dry moss which floats from the cedar-trees of Chapultepec, hung in festoons from the ceiling. The cupboards, which we inspected next, were completely empty with the exception of one; that contained a thick dusty volume, which the licentiate, after a brief examination, placed under his cloak. Our inspection was soon over. "Call the witnesses," said Don Tadeo to Pepito, whom we had promoted on this occasion to the office of master of the ceremonies. The vagabond, majestically draped in his blue *manga*, forthwith advanced to the open window, and uttered a short but brilliant harangue to the ragged auditory assembled without. Pepito's eloquence succeeded beyond our expectations, and in a very few moments the entrance court was filled with a far greater number of witnesses than the law requires. Never in my life had I beheld such a collection of cut-throat visages. We descended, preceded by Pepito, into the court-yard, and from thence, followed by the crowd of witnesses, into the garden.

"Senors caballeros," shouted Pepito, in a voice of thunder, "you are all witnesses that the illus-

trious senor here present" (here Pepito pointed to me) "takes regular and formal possession of this property in the name of the law—Dios y LIBERTAD!"

Don Tadeo and I now advanced in our turns, and, on the latter's instructions, I tore up a handful of grass and cast it over my head; then I threw a stone over the garden wall. This was a formal act of taking possession according to Mexican law. A general hurrah escaped from the assembled witnesses. It only remained for me now to fulfil the last formality which custom imposes, namely, to distribute a few piastres among the throng of vagabonds which had flocked from all parts to wish me welcome. This done, my witnesses, under the guidance of Pepito, proceeded to the nearest tavern in order to dispense my bounty as best suited them.

"Well, senor," said the licentiate to me, "you have at length succeeded in recovering your money, or at least an equivalent for it. What think you of my method of doing business with refractory debtors?"

"I think, Don Tadeo, that you play a very dangerous game, and I have a piece of advice to give you; it is simply this:—namely, to renounce as speedily as possible the trade of redresser of wrongs, in which, unless I am greatly mistaken, the losses must, sooner or later, exceed by a large sum the gains."

"You see, however, that I have hitherto been tolerably fortunate in my enterprises. But, however that may be, in case a chance thrust should some day or other put a premature end to my existence, I am anxious that you should retain a little *souvenir* of our acquaintance. Here is a book which has not been included in the inventory of the household effects; the work is old and is of some value."

"I return you many thanks," said I to the licentiate, taking the dusty volume; "but the recital that I heard from your lips on the *azateca* of the old house of the *Calleson del Arco* will recall you more vividly to my memory than this scarce old tome; it is not every client who is so fortunate as to meet with a romance such as yours when he expected but a legal consultation."

It was now time to return to the capital. Without waiting for Pepito, the remainder of whose day would probably be spent at the tavern, we pushed on at a hand-gallop through the plain. The heat was even more oppressive than it had been at our departure. We soon came in sight of the hills which Pepito had pointed out to the licentiate. The flock of vultures which hovered over the rocks seemed to have increased in numbers, and a fetid odor reached us with the little clouds of dust which were ever and anon wafted by the breeze across the plain.

"If you were curious enough to read on to the last page of the romance you spoke of just now," said the licentiate to me, "I would propose to you to canter up to those hills yonder; but I fear you have rather susceptible nerves."

"And what is there to be seen among those rocks?"

"Merely a dead body, that's all. Don't you see how the vultures are swarming round it! One of the three worthies whom I sent in pursuit of your debtor has paid in his person for the rest. Well, God is just! The man who has fallen under Peralta's knife is the assassin of the Paseo de Bucareli. The romance is now complete, is it not?"

"Most assuredly it is; and the sight of a corpse half-devoured by vultures would add nothing to the impression left by your recital on my mind."

"Well, I see we must spare your nerves," said the licentiate, putting spurs to his horse, "let us push on for Mexico."

On the Plaza Mayor we separated with mutual promises of shortly meeting again; but fate disposed it otherwise. A few weeks after my installation into the property given up by Peralta, I quitted Mexico, on a tour through the cities and wilds of that wonderful and, to me, most fascinating country. On my return to the capital, the gaming house of the *Callejon del Arco* was closed, and the evangelist, Tio Luquillas, to whom I again applied for information of my friend the licentiate, informed me that he had returned to Spain. Since that period I have made various efforts to discover his whereabouts, but it is almost needless to say that my researches have been in vain.

From the Examiner.

Personal Adventures during the late War of Independence in Hungary. Comprising an Account of her Missions under the orders of Kossuth to the different posts of the Hungarian Army during the Contest. By the Baroness VON BECK. Two vols. Bentley.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary narratives of spirit-stirring adventure that it has been at any time our fortune to fall in with. Talk of heroes indeed! recount *their* perils by blood and field! Why, we have here a heroine who tells us of more dangers, courageously braved and triumphantly passed through by herself, than those of all the seven champions of Christendom put together. For our own part we would rather walk up to a battery in full play every day before dinner, for any given time that might be named, than go through one half the dangers this lady calmly recounts.

The Baroness Von Beck, by birth an Hungarian, saw her husband fall when cheering on his men to defend a barricade during the October revolution in Vienna. Broken-hearted and desperate, she determined thenceforth to devote herself to the good of her country; and, on the invitation of some members of the Austrian Diet, undertook to carry a message to Kossuth and the Hungarian army. She persisted, in spite of extraordinary difficulties and dangers. She was stopped at the frontiers by the army of Windischgrätz, and turned back three or four times. At last she managed to give the enemy the slip in the guise of a fisherman, and arrived safely at Presburg, where she declared her message to Csányi. Hereupon Görgey, who was present at the time, requested her to undertake a mission to the north of Hungary to ascertain the strength of Simonich's army. In two days her preparations were made, and she was again on the road.

But we will let her tell her own tale:

On the 15th of November I received my charge, namely, to obtain accurate intelligence concerning the strength and position of Simonich's troops. I

immediately took the railway to Tyrnan, and travelled thence by post-carriage through Nadash and Senitz to my own estate. My people were in the greatest terror and anxiety, expecting momentarily a visit from Simonich's soldiers. Their fears, however, proved happily unfounded. I remained here until the 21st, and, having received and returned the visits of my neighbors, took my departure for Neutra, where I fell in with the first division of Simonich's corps, and an uncouth mob of peasants under the command of the Pastor Hurban, a fanatical Slavish priest. The division was on its march to Senitz, and was about two thousand strong. Having ascertained, by calculating the quantity of provisions they consumed, that the whole force of Simonich amounted to about six thousand men, and having made accurate observations on their position, I returned to my residence, where I made such arrangements of my most necessary affairs as a hasty visit would permit, and set out once more for Presburg, to give an account of my mission. At Senitz, which lay in the route, I found the head-quarters of a Hungarian division, commanded by Colonel Ordody, to whom, as it imported him especially, on account of his proximity to the enemy, I communicated all the information I had obtained, and authenticated it by my papers. I then started by post-carriage for Presburg, and waited upon Görgey at once with a full report of my mission. He thanked me for the services I had rendered to the cause of Hungary, and handed me a letter which had come by express from Kossuth. He also entrusted me with a despatch for the — Embassy at Vienna. Baron Motoschitzky requested me, at the same time, to bear a letter from him to Prince Windischgrätz, containing the intelligence that his newly-purchased estate at Leska had been reduced to ashes by the Hungarian bombardment. I was glad of this last commission, as a letter to the field-marshal would be a sufficient passport for me through any part of the Austrian encampment. And should I be fortunate enough to receive an answer from Windischgrätz, it would protect me from all interruption on my return. * * *

The same evening all the preparations for my journey back to Vienna were finished. I had now entrusted to me a letter from Kossuth to the — Embassy, a letter from Baron Motoschitzky to Prince Windischgrätz, and many private letters from the officers to persons in Vienna. My military friends advised me to conceal the letters in my haversack. This did not appear to me good counsel; for I knew that, should I be stopped by the Croats, they would ransack and turn inside out everything likely to contain food; my letters would thus be discovered, and myself inevitably put to death. I had determined to make the journey in a peasant's cart, as it would expose me to fewer inquiries and stoppages than a vehicle of more imposing appearance. I caused one of the planks of the cart to be hollowed out at the end, without breaking the surface of the side, and placed all my letters in the space thus formed. The plank was then replaced, and the joining at the end rubbed over with clay. I now felt perfectly certain that they could not be discovered by even the prying Croats.

On the evening of December the 5th, I left Presburg, and soon reached Wolfsthal, where Jellachich's corps was posted. As usual, I was seized at the outposts, and subjected to a rigid examination. In anticipation of such an event, I had provided

myself with papers from a well-known fruit warehouse at Presburg, and represented myself as an agent of that house going to Vienna, to collect in some debts. In spite of all my precautions, however, I was placed under military surveillance as far as Sommering. I was stopped and examined six-and-twenty times, but in all cases my papers proved a sufficient passport. At length, early on the 6th, the cupolas and towers of the once gay, but now humbled and mourning, city of the Kaisers appeared in view.

I entered Vienna. It appeared to my imagination invested with a sombre and tragic hue, and the ruins which marked the fierceness of the recent struggle against tyranny seemed fraught with solemn admonition to all despotic rulers. The figure of my slaughtered husband came before my mind; but the thronging memories which accompanied it I cannot, even did I desire to, depict. It was now exactly a month since I had left the city, but the exciting events which I had passed through made it appear a much longer period. I repaired to the Hotel of the — Embassy, where I was received with the greatest attention, and an immediate answer promised to Kossuth's despatch. From thence I proceeded to Schönbrunn, with the letter to Prince Windischgrätz; but was informed that he was gone with Jellachich to the Imperial Court at Olmütz, and would not return till the next day. His nephew, Count Windischgrätz, whom I saw soon after with Count Thun and Prince Lichtenstein, confirmed this information. I returned, therefore, to Vienna, and occupied myself in delivering the various letters with which I was charged. In the evening I received the promised answers of the — Ambassador to Kossuth's letter.

On the next day I again visited Schönbrunn, and was admitted to an interview with Windischgrätz and Jellachich—the two pillars of the House of Hapsburg. They received me with distinguished courtesy. Could they have divined the thoughts that filled my heart, how different would have been my reception! I handed my letter to Windischgrätz; he read it, and seemed struck with terror at its contents. I confess it was not without a secret feeling of satisfaction I saw this man taste some of the bitterness of that misery into which, with a remorseless hand, he had plunged myriads of his own, and of my countrymen. He went into his cabinet to write an answer to Motoschitzky, and Jellachich remained standing in the presence of his deadly enemy. I now looked, for the first time, upon the calumniator of Hungarian honor—the plunderer and destroyer of Vienna. I could scarcely refrain from giving utterance to the feelings of disgust and scorn that swelled within me; but I could serve my country more effectually, and was silent. He questioned me as to the number and condition of the Hungarian troops. I represented them as double their actual force. Upon which he said, with apparent carelessness, that those divisions which I had not seen were probably still stronger. His drift was evidently to draw from me some information respecting the position of the various corps, but I defeated it by taking refuge in the general ignorance of my sex upon such matters. Windischgrätz now returned with his written answer to Motoschitzky. He thanked me again for the trouble I had taken on his account; and, what pleased me much more, he directed Count Thun to make out an order, giving me liberty to pass, wherever I chose, unmolested by the Austri-

an troops, to which he appended his own signature. I took my leave; my object was accomplished, and the two great generals—the conquerors of Prague and Vienna—were outwitted by a woman.

In such dangerous expeditions as these—in fact as a spy—when death would have instantly followed on detection, did this enthusiastic and brave woman pass the entire time, with scarcely a few weeks' rest, from November, 1848, to the end of 1849. So extraordinary an instance of passionate devotion to a cause, and of perfect indifference to danger when a service could be rendered, we scarcely recollect to have heard or read of. Certainly it has never been surpassed.

During this anxious and busy period the Baroness Von Beck passed repeatedly through the very midst of the Austrian and Russian armies. Some half dozen times she penetrated into Vienna itself. She was present at two great battles, those of Moor and Branzitzsca. She took part in the surrender at Vilagos, and the evacuation of Comorn. At one time we find her stirring up the Poles to insurrection at Lemberg and Cracow; at another she is intriguing with Germans at Dresden and Cseks in Prague. She was now feasting the conquerors of Buda, or dancing with the heroes of Kapolua; and now dressing the wounds of the patriots, or superintending the hospitals and prisons. At one moment she draws out plans of campaigns for Görgey, and gives counsel on state affairs to Kossuth; at another she is steaming down the Danube, listening to the silly boastings of Welden, or engaged in pleasant conversation with Paskevich himself.

Her masterpiece, however, was her visit to Haynau. In the desperate hope of saving the life of a friend, this intrepid woman actually bearded the tiger in his own den; and that, too, at the very time when he was revelling in the blood of his victims. Had she been discovered, she would not have had twenty-four hours to live; yet she actually placed herself of her own accord in the power of the hangman, and escaped unsuspected!

Of all the multitude in the Neugebäude, the only one to whom I could bring any comfort was Danielis. His affairs were in a fair way of arrangement, but his personal danger was still great. He begged me to see Haynau, and to prevail upon him, if possible, at least, to hear Danielis in his own defence. The prisoners knew of the death of Bathany, but as yet the fatal tidings from Arad had not reached them, and every one made it a duty to conceal these atrocities from them.

I left this place of mourning, and retired to my hotel. I had pledged myself to see Haynau on Danielis' behalf, and my promise must now be fulfilled. I went to Haynau's residence, and, after waiting a long time, was introduced to his presence. He received me politely, and I felt encouraged. I told him that I had come on behalf of Colonel Danielis, and mentioned that he was the father of a helpless family; that he had not fought against Austria, and dwelt particularly on his having saved the royal estates from destruction, of which, I said, I could bring him satisfactory evidence. Haynau said that the chief bailiff of the crown property had

been already with him, and had represented the services of the prisoner upon that occasion in a very favorable light; that this afforded sufficient ground for his pardon, but still he could not be liberated until it came to his turn to be examined. This was very satisfactory.

I felt emboldened to present a petition which Kossuth's mother had intrusted to me, praying that his children might be placed with herself. He took the paper and read it, and his natural character returned; he was Haynau once more; a dark frown, like a thunder-cloud, gathered upon his brow. "What!" said he, in a voice hoarse with passion, "what! do you want the children to receive the same revolutionary training as their father! The women of Hungary have the devil in their hearts, and are guilty of infinite mischief. No, I tell you; the girl shall be placed in a convent, and the boys brought up in Vienna under surveillance. Go; that is the will of his majesty." He asked me how I had become acquainted with Kossuth and his mother! I told him what I thought proper, and he left me with a volley of filthy abuse against the illustrious exile and his family. These were bad tidings to bring to the aged mother. I tried to comfort her as well as I could, and after this visited her much more frequently than I did before.

Kossuth is the Baroness Von Beck's hero, her prophet, her demigod; and she sacrifices all other celebrities without compunction at the altar of his greatness. Dembinsky she treats with manifest injustice; Görgey comes out on her pages as a very Mephistopheles. Klapka himself does not escape without animadversion. But without adopting her opinions either on the men she blames or the subjects she discusses, we can as little deny her the praise of great cleverness, as the possession of a wonderful power of exciting and interesting the reader. True it is that a narrative of such miraculous escapes, such dangerous enterprises, and such a spirit-stirring period, would be sufficient to give interest to the driest manner and the most commonplace style; but the baroness adds to the charm by a warmth and vigor in the manner of her description which testifies eloquently to her own enthusiastic love for the cause she has adopted.

It really matters nothing to what page we turn for an extract. It would not be possible to find one that should disappoint the reader. We will take by way of contrast a visit to the ruined town of Lospenez, and a parting with the family of Kossuth; but we strongly recommend the whole work to the reader's attention.

HORRORS OF WAR.

A guerilla band, which consisted chiefly of persons belonging to that town, had some time before captured a Russian prince, and more recently a courier of the same nation, whose despatches they took from him; both the prince and the courier were sent as prisoners to Komorn. General Grabbe, as soon as his corps obtained possession of the district, sent a requisition to Lospenez to deliver up the prisoners and the despatches within twenty-four hours, or to abide his vengeance. As it was impossible to comply with this demand, he let loose his troops upon the helpless town, with full license to use the inhabitants as they pleased.

I need hardly say that deeds at which humanity shudders, and which it would stain this fair paper with a burning blot of shame to record, were perpetrated. For several hours the wildest and most diabolical passions of the human heart raged in this wretched town, until at length, worn out with slaughter and wickedness, the brutal executioners of a still more brutal will set fire to the scene of their abominations, and the ashes of their unhappy victims were soon mingled with that of the habitations which had witnessed these atrocities.

A more pitiful and tragic scene than this town presented have I never dreamt of, much less seen. The destruction of Pesth was a holiday amusement compared with what had been perpetrated here. I cannot trust my pen even to name the horrors which I witnessed; suffice it to say, that of the whole population there was not one family left alive which would not have deemed it a mercy and a kindness to have died under the ruins of their habitations. I found a lady of rank striving to hide her shame in a ditch overgrown with weeds, for the devilish wretches had taken all her clothing from her. I gave her all the garments I could spare from my own person, and strove to comfort her breaking heart as she sobbed upon my bosom. May the laurels of Grabbe wither and cleave to his brow, an everlasting reproach for this deed of sin and infamy. Glory! is this glory! Is this the sublime integrity and virtue which we admire in the heroes of old! Is this the stern sense of right which alone can make courage anything superior to a fierce brute instinct! No; this was the conduct of a monster, with the shape of a man, and the heart of a wolf; a villain, whose name should be pronounced with loathing by all who feel one kindling blush of shame, one thrill, however feeble, of human emotion.

KOSSUTH'S CHILDREN.

I devoted myself now to the accomplishment of this plan, and was encouraged by one passing gleam of sunshine, which broke through the sorrowful shades which had so long surrounded me. Kossuth's family were set at liberty, that is to say, his mother and his three sisters. His children were still in prison, and continued in captivity till the following year. They were three in number; Wilma, a beautiful little maiden of ten; and two boys, Ferenz, aged eight, and Lajos, six years. The father's bright spirit animated them all.

When Haynau visited them, he addressed them in German, and they, to his great embarrassment, answered in Hungarian, of which he was totally ignorant. The eldest lad then said to him in German; "What! so renowned a man as you not understand Hungarian!" Haynau scarcely knew what to say to this; it was evident that the boy looked upon the Magyar language as the natural speech of all soldiers. I visited them myself afterwards at Presburg, when little Wilma said to me; "What do you think, baroness! Haynau has been to see us, and promised that we should soon leave this nasty prison. But indeed," added she with a proud look, which reminded me of her father, "I assure you we did not ask him to let us out; for he is papa's enemy."

With the exceptions of being in captivity, and separated from their parents, they were as comfortable as their friends could desire. They had a tutor and servants, and were very carefully attended to. The citizens of Presburg were never weary of showing their affection for them. Their

rooms were strewed with toys, and everything likely to please children. The slightest wish of the little creatures was instantly gratified by the good people of Presburg, regardless of expense or trouble; and it was well for the children that they did not continue long the objects of such affectionate, almost idolatrous, homage. It might have effectually spoiled them. As for the mother of the children, whether she had concealed herself or fled, whether she was dead or living, nobody knew.

I have been led into this long digression by the mention of Kossuth's family, which I had now the consolation of seeing as happy as they could be, whilst he was in sorrow and exile. I had the further satisfaction, during those days, of seeing my efforts on behalf of the imprisoned Danielis crowned with the most successful results. He was set at liberty.

He came to me immediately to thank me for what I had done, and we went together to pay a visit to the Kossuth ladies. We found them in great joy at their recovered liberty. Their house presented the appearance of a royal reception. The street was thronged with the carriages of the nobility and gentry hastening to congratulate them. It was with much difficulty we approached the door. I rejoiced exceedingly that this manifestation of public feeling took place, in spite of the suspicions which attached to every one who dared to admire the great man, who was thus honored in his relatives. But it was not mere feeling, it was a deeper principle of love and devotion.

This principle took expression in the least questionable form, for many of the richest of the Magyar nobility offered their houses and lands to the family of Kossuth, and would truly have deemed it an honor to have supplied them with everything in their possession, even to the impoverishing of themselves. Kossuth had left the country poor, as he was born. The wealth of a nation had passed through his hands, but they were clean from any soil. Even his relatives, who were thus caressed and honored, had no earthly means of subsistence; but the poorest peasant in Hungary would have gladly curtailed his scanty meal to contribute to the ease and happiness of that name which was the object of his highest admiration.

When I told the venerable mother that I was about to leave the country, and would probably see her son in his exile, she wept upon my neck long and bitterly; she kissed me and blessed me in the old patriarchal manner. "Greet my son," said she, "with all the love of a mother's heart; tell him from me to seek under the palms of the East that repose which he must not hope for in his fatherland; tell him that, though he has not been able to save it, there is a righteous and merciful Providence, which, in its own time, will bring us peace and freedom. Go, my daughter, and may God be ever with you!"

With this farewell, I parted from the mother of the greatest and loftiest of men. She was a small woman, with white hair and black sparkling eyes. In her youth she had been beautiful, and had preserved considerable remains of her early grace till within the last two years; but continued anxiety on account of her son, with her recent trouble, had entirely banished her good looks, and reduced her to a mere skeleton. Her lively manner was subdued; every word she spoke was accompanied with tears. Her voice had a touching tremor, which no one could hear unmoved.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ON THE MASSACRE OF A CONVENT OF NUNS
AT PARIS,
AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.

I stood in France's capital,
'T was Terror's dismal reign,
The sights of fear I witnessed there
May I ne'er view again.

Oh! may I never hear on earth
Such sounds as met mine ear,
The murderous shout, the horrid mirth,
The shriek of deadly fear.

The curse of blood was on the place—
On woman, child, and man,
And a stream of blood, like an autumn flood,
Through all the city ran.

And aye was seen a hellish band
Of fiends in carnage dyed,
And the clothes they wore were sprinkled o'er
With a dark and ghastly tide.

Where'er they came, that blood-stained crew,
Nor age nor sex they spared,
And in search to slay, like beasts of prey,
Their eyes insatiate glared;

And fierce they laughed a fearful yell,
In wild and fiendish glee,
And loud was the shout of that fearful rout,
And their shout was "Liberty!"

Yes! so did they profane that time
The Watchword of the Free,
As if her name to deeds of shame
Could e'er a sanction be.

Oh, God! it was a dreadful sight
The dying and the dead:
And the blood-red light through the gloom of night
That the torch of Carnage shed!

I feel, I know, I saw it all,
Yet can't tell where nor how;
Though it did seem some fearful dream,
'T is all before me now.

It was a nation's bloody zeal
Their monarch to destroy,
Show her their queen who erst had been
That people's pride and joy.

I saw the tears of bearded men
Shed o'er their children dead,
And dame, and knight, and maiden bright,
To the same scaffold led.

While the gory axe with ceaseless stroke
Still sped the work of death;
And its baleful sound fell on all around,
Like the Siroc's blasting breath.

But one day I remember well
The sun was shining o'er,
So bright his smile, I dreamt awhile,
That carnage was no more.

But, as I mused, broke forth afresh
That cry of fiendish joy,
And I knew by the sound that the axe had found
Fresh victims to destroy.

I looked on these, 't was a female band
In Religion's garb arrayed,
And at their side in horrid tide
Their ruthless murderers strayed.

Some there were gray and ancient dames,
With feeble step and slow,
Whose souls, I ween, long since had been,
Dead to this world below.

But some were maids of noble birth,
And beauteous as the day,
With form and face that well might grace
The bridal's bright array.

Yet all unmoved they passed to death,
Their eyes were fixed on heaven,
They prayed e'en then for those bloody men,
That their sins might be forgiven.

When sudden from their lips arose
A strain so pure and sweet,
Methought such sound alone was found
Where angel spirits meet.

'T was a song of praise I loved to hear
In peace and tranquil time,
But its glorious swell no tongue can tell,
Amid that rush of crime!

Oh! never can remembrance lose
Their rapture-breathing strain,
As they gazed on high at the cloudless sky,
Where they hoped to meet again!

I saw no more—I turned aside,
I could not see them die;
But in mine ear rang loud and clear
Those notes of ecstasy.

But fainter, feebler grew the sound,
As ceased each victim's breath;
Till one sweet tone was heard alone,
Then all was hushed in death.

And horror-struck I left the spot,
That land of blood and crime,
And many a sun his course has run
Since that ill-omened time.

But never can my soul forget
That wild and hellish cry,
And still I fear whene'er I hear
The shout of "Liberty!"

Oft, too, in sleep those maidens bright,
Like angel visions throng,
And voices sweet around me meet,
In that triumphant song.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—"THE BAY OF RATHFRAN."

OUR voyage was very uneventful, but not without anxiety, since, to avoid the English cruisers and the Channel-fleet, we were obliged to hold a southerly course for several days, making a great circuit before we could venture to bear up for the place of our destination. The weather alternated between light winds and a dead calm, which usually came on every day at noon, and lasted till about sunset. As to me, there was an unceasing novelty in everything about a ship; her mechanism, her discipline, her progress, furnished abundant occupation for my thoughts, and I never wearied of acquiring knowledge of a theme so deeply interesting. My intercourse with the naval officers, too, impressed me strongly in their favor, in comparison with their comrades of the land service. In the former case, all was zeal, activity, and watchfulness. The look-out never slumbered at his post; and an unceasing anxiety to promote the success of the expedition manifested itself in all their words and actions. This, of course, was all to be expected in the discharge of the duties peculiarly their own; but I also looked for something which should denote preparation and forethought in the others; yet nothing of the kind was to be seen. The expedition was never discussed even as table-talk; and, for anything that fell from the party in conversation, it would have been impossible to say that our destination were China or Ireland. Not a book nor a map, not a pamphlet nor a paper that bore upon the country whose destinies were about to be committed to us, ever appeared on the tables. A vague and listless doubt how long the voyage might last, was the extent of interest any one condescended to exhibit; but as to what was to follow after—what new chapter of events would open when this first had closed, none vouchsafed to inquire.

Even to this hour I am puzzled whether to

attribute this strange conduct to the careless levity of national character, or to a studied and well "got up" affectation. In all probability both influences were at work; while a third, not less powerful, assisted them—this was the gross ignorance and shameless falsehood of many of the Irish leaders of the expedition, whose boastful and absurd histories ended by disgusting every one. To listen to them, Ireland was not only unanimous in her desire for separation, but England was perfectly powerless to prevent it, and the only difficulty was, to determine the future fortune of the liberated land, when once her freedom had been proclaimed. Among the projects discussed at the time, I well remember one which was often gravely talked over, and the utter absurdity of which certainly struck none amongst us. This was no less than the intention of demanding the West India Islands from England, as an indemnity for the past woes and bygone misgovernment of Ireland. If this seem barely credible now, I can only repeat my faithful assurance of the fact, and I believe that some of the memoirs of the time will confirm my assertion.

The French officers listened to these and similar speculations with utter indifference; probably to many of them the geographical question was a difficulty that stopped any further inquiry, while others felt no further interest than what a campaign promised. All the enthusiastic narratives, then, of high rewards and splendid trophies that awaited us, fell upon inattentive ears, and at last the word Ireland ceased to be heard amongst us. Play of various kinds occupied us when not engaged on duty. There was little discipline maintained on board, and none of that strictness which is the habitual rule of a ship-of-war. The lights were suffered to burn during the greater part of the night in the cabins; gambling went on usually till daybreak; and the quarter deck, that

most reverential of spots to every sailor-mind, was often covered by lounging groups, who smoked, chatted, or played at chess, in all the cool apathy of men indifferent to its claim for respect.

Now and then, the appearance of a strange sail afar off, or some dim object in the horizon, would create a momentary degree of excitement and anxiety; but when the "look-out" from the mast-head had proclaimed her a "schooner from Brest," or a "Spanish fruit-vessel," the sense of danger passed away at once, and none ever reverted to the subject of a peril then suggested.

With General Humbert I usually passed the greater part of each forenoon—a distinction, I must confess, I owed to my skill as a chess-player, a game of which he was particularly fond, and in which I had attained no small proficiency. I was too young and too unpractised in the world to make my skill subordinate to my chief's, and beat him at every game, with as little compunction as though he were only my equal, till, at last, vexed at his want of success, and tired of a contest that offered no vicissitude of fortune, he would frequently cease playing, to chat over the events of the time, and the chances of the expedition.

It was with no slight mixture of surprise and dismay, that I now detected his utter despair of all success, and that he regarded the whole as a complete forlorn-hope. He had merely taken the command to involve the French government in the cause, and so to compromise the national character that all retreat would be impossible. "We shall be all cut to pieces, or taken prisoners the day after we land," was his constant exclamation, "and then, but not till then, will they think seriously in France of a suitable expedition." There was no heroism, still less was there any affectation of recklessness, in this avowal. By nature, he was a rough, easy, good-tempered fellow, who liked his profession less for its rewards, than for its changeable scenes and moving incidents—his one predominating feeling being that France should give rule to the whole world, and the principles of her revolution be everywhere preëminent. To promote this consummation, the loss of an army was of little moment. Let the cause but triumph in the end, and the cost was not worth fretting about.

Next to this sentiment was his hatred of England, and all that was English. Treachery, falsehood, pride, avarice, grasping covetousness, and unscrupulous aggression, were the characteristics by which he described the nation; and he made the little knowledge he had gleaned from newspapers and intercourse, so subservient to this theory, that I was an easy convert to his opinion; so that, ere long, my compassion for the wrongs of Ireland was associated with the most profound hatred of her oppressors.

To be sure, I should have liked the notion, that we ourselves were to have some more active share in the liberation of Irishmen than the mere act of

heralding another and more successful expedition; but even in this thought there was romantic self-devotion, not unpleasing to the mind of a boy; but, after all, I was the only one who felt it.

The first sight of land to one on sea is always an event of uncommon interest; but how greatly increased is the feeling when that land is to be the scene of a perilous exploit—the cradle of his ambition, or perhaps his grave! All my speculations about the expedition—all my day-dreams of success, or my anxious hours of dark forebodings—never brought the matter so palpably before me, as the dim outline of a distant headland, which, I was told, was part of the Irish coast.

This was on the 8th of August, but on the following day we stood further out to sea again, and saw no more of it. The three succeeding ones we continued to beat up slowly to the northward, against a head wind and a heavy sea; but on the evening of the 21st the sun went down in mellow splendor, and, a light air from the south springing up, the sailors pronounced a most favorable change of weather, a prophecy that a starry night and a calm sea soon confirmed.

The morning of the 22d broke splendidly—a gentle breeze from the south-west slightly curled the blue waves, and filled the canvass of the three frigates, as in close order they sailed along under the tall cliffs of Ireland. We were about three miles from the shore, on which now every telescope and glass was eagerly directed. As the light and fleeting clouds of early morning passed away, we could descry the outlines of the bold coast, indented with many a bay and creek, while rocky promontories and grassy slopes succeeded each other in endless variety of contrast. Towns, or even villages, we could see none—a few small wretched-looking hovels were dotted over the hills, and here and there a thin wreath of blue smoke bespoke habitation, but, save these signs, there was an air of loneliness and solitude which increased the solemn feelings of the scene.

All these objects of interest, however, soon gave way before another, to the contemplation of which every eye was turned. This was a small fishing-boat, which, with a low mast and ragged piece of canvass, was seen standing boldly out for us; a red handkerchief was fastened to a stick in the stern, as if for a signal, and on our shortening sail, to admit of her overtaking us, the ensign was lowered, as though in acknowledgment of our meaning.

The boat was soon alongside, and we now perceived that her crew consisted of a man and a boy, the former of whom, a powerfully-built, loose fellow, of about five-and-forty, dressed in a light-blue frieze jacket and trousers, adroitly caught at the east of rope thrown out to him, and having made fast his skiff, clambered up the ship's side at once, gayly, as though he were an old friend coming to welcome us.

"Is he a pilot?" asked the officer of the watch, addressing one of the Irish officers.

"No, he's only a fisherman, but he knows the coast perfectly, and says there is deep water within twenty fathoms of the shore."

An animated conversation in Irish now ensued between the peasant and Captain Madgett, during which a wondering and somewhat impatient group stood around, speedily increased by the presence of General Humbert himself and his staff.

"He tells me, general," said Madgett, "that we are in the Bay of Killala, a good and safe anchorage, and, during the southerly winds, the best on all the coast."

"What news has he from the shore?" asked Humbert, sharply, as if the care of the ship was a very secondary consideration.

"They have been expecting us with the greatest impatience, general; he says the most intense anxiety for our coming is abroad."

"What of the people themselves? Where are the national forces? Have they any head quarters near this? Eh, what says he? What is that? Why does he laugh?" asked Humbert, in impatient rapidity, as he watched the changes in the peasant's face.

"He was laughing at the strange sound of a foreign language, so odd and singular to his ears," said Madgett; but for all his readiness, a slight flushing of the cheek showed that he was ill at ease.

"Well, but what of the Irish forces? Where are they?"

For some minutes the dialogue continued in an animated strain between the two, the vehement tone and gestures of each bespeaking what sounded at least like altercation; and Madgett at last turned half angrily away, saying, "The fellow is too ignorant; he actually knows nothing of what is passing before his eyes."

"Is there no one else on board can speak this 'baragouinage'?" cried Humbert, in anger.

"Yes, general, I can interrogate him," cried a young lad, named Conolly, who had only joined us on the day before we sailed.

And now, as the youth addressed the fisherman in a few rapid sentences, the other answered as quickly, making a gesture with his hands that implied grief, or even despair.

"We can interpret that for ourselves," broke in Humbert; "he is telling you that the game is up."

"Exactly so, general; he says that the insurrection has been completely put down, that the Irish forces are scattered or disbanded, and all the leaders taken."

"The fellow is just as likely to be an English spy," said Madgett, in a whisper; but Humbert's gesture of impatience showed how little trust he reposed in the allegation.

"Ask him what English troops are quartered in this part of the country," said the general.

"A few militia, and two squadrons of dragoons," was the prompt reply.

"No artillery?"

"None."

"Is there any rumor of our coming abroad, or have the frigates been seen?" asked Humbert.

"They were seen last night from the church steeple of Killala, general," said Conolly, translating, "but believed to be English."

"Come; that is the best news he has brought us yet," said Humbert, laughing; "we shall at least surprise them a little. Ask him what men of rank or consequence live in the neighborhood, and how they are affected towards the expedition."

A few words, and a low, dry laugh, made all the peasant's reply.

"Eh, what says he?" asked Humbert.

"He says, sir, that, except a Protestant bishop, there's nothing of the rank of gentry here."

"I suppose we need scarcely expect his blessing on our efforts," said Humbert, with a hearty laugh. "What is he saying now?—what is he looking at?"

"He says that we are now in the very best anchorage of the bay," said Conolly, "and that on the whole coast there's not a safer spot."

A brief consultation now took place between the general and the naval officers, and in a few seconds the word was given to take in all sail and anchor.

"I wish I could speak to that honest fellow myself," said Humbert, as he stood watching the fisherman, who, with a peasant curiosity, had now approached the mast, and was passing his fingers across the blades of the cutlasses, as they stood in the sword-rack.

"Sharp enough for the English, eh?" cried Humbert in French, but with a gesture that seemed at once intelligible. A dry nod of the head gave assent to the remark.

"If I understand him aright," said Humbert, in a half whisper to Conolly, "we are as little expected by our friends as by our enemies; and that there is little or no force in arms among the Irish."

"There are plenty ready to fight, he says, sir, but none accustomed to discipline."

A gesture, half-contemptuous, was all Humbert's reply, and he now turned away and walked the deck alone and in silence. Meanwhile, the bustle and movements of the crew continued, and soon the great ships, stripped of their white sails, lay tranquilly at anchor in a sea without a ripple.

"A boat is coming out from the shore, general," whispered the lieutenant on duty.

"Ask the fisherman if he knows it."

Conolly drew the peasant's attention to the object, and the man, after looking steadily for a few seconds, became terribly agitated.

"What is it, man—can't you tell who it is?" asked Conolly.

But although so composed before, so ready with all his replies, he seemed now totally unmannered—his frank and easy features being struck with the signs of palpable terror. At last, and with an effort that bespoke all his fears, he mut-

tared—"T is the king's boat is coming, and 't is the collector's on board of her!"

"Is that all?" cried Conolly, laughing, as he translated the reply to the general.

"Won't you say that I'm a prisoner, sir; won't you tell them that you took me?" said the fisherman, in accents of fervent entreaty, for already his mind anticipated the casualty of a failure, and what might betide him afterwards; but no one now had any care for him or his fortunes—all was in preparation to conceal the national character of the ships. The marines were ordered below, and all others whose uniforms might betray their country, while the English colors floated from every mast-head.

General Humbert, with Serazin and two others, remained on the poop-deck, where they continued to walk, apparently devoid of any peculiar interest or anxiety in the scene. Madgett alone betrayed agitation at this moment; his pale face was paler than ever, and there seemed to me a kind of studious care in the way he covered himself up with his cloak, so that not a vestige of his uniform could be seen.

The boat now came close under our lee, and Conolly being ordered to challenge her in English, the collector, standing up in the stern, touched his hat, and announced his rank. The gangway-ladder was immediately lowered, and three gentlemen ascended the ship's side and walked aft to the poop. I was standing near the bulwark at the time, watching the scene with intense interest. As General Humbert stood a little in advance of the rest, the collector, probably taking him for the captain, addressed him with some courteous expressions of welcome, and was proceeding to speak of the weather, when the general gently stopped him by asking if he spoke French.

I shall never forget the terror of face that question evoked. At first, looking at his two companions, the collector turned his eyes to the gaff, where the English flag was flying; but still unable to utter a word, he stood like one entranced.

"You have been asked if you can speak French, sir?" said Conolly, at a sign from the general.

"No—very little—very badly—not at all; but is n't this—am I not on board of—"

"Can none of them speak French?" said Humbert, shortly.

"Yes, sir," said a young man on the collector's right; "I can make myself intelligible in that language, although no great proficient."

"Who are you, monsieur?—are you a civilian?" asked Humbert.

"Yes, sir. I am the son of the Bishop of Killala, and this young gentleman is my brother."

"What is the amount of the force in this neighborhood?"

"You will pardon me, sir," said the youth, "if I ask, first, who it is puts this question, and under what circumstances I am expected to answer it!"

"All frank and open, sir," said Humbert, good-humoredly. "I'm the General Humbert, commanding the advanced guard for the liberation of Ireland—so much for your first question. As to your second one, I believe that, if you have any concern for yourself, or those belonging to you, you will find that nothing will serve your interest so much as truth and plain dealing."

"Fortunately, then, for me," said the youth, laughing, "I cannot betray my king's cause, for I know nothing, nothing whatever, about the movement of troops. I seldom go ten miles from home, and have not been even at Balina since last winter."

"Why so cautious about your information, then, sir," broke in Serazin, roughly, "since you have none to give?"

"Because I had some to receive, sir; and was curious to know where I was standing," said the young man, boldly.

While these few sentences were being interchanged, Madgett had learned from the collector, that, except a few companies of militia and fencibles, the country was totally unprovided with troops, but he also picked up that the people were so crest-fallen and subdued in courage, from the late failure of the rebellion, that it was very doubtful whether our coming would arouse them to another effort. This information, particularly the latter part of it, Madgett imparted to Humbert at once, and I thought, by his manner and the eagerness with which he spoke, that he seemed to use all his powers to dissuade the general from a landing; at least, I overheard him more than once say—"Had we been further north, sir—"

Humbert quickly stopped him by the words—

"And what prevents us, when we have landed, sir, in extending our line north'ard?—the winds cannot surely master us, when we have our feet on the sward. Enough of all this; let these gentlemen be placed in security, and none have access to them without my orders. Make signal for the commanding-officers to come on board here. We've had too much of speculation; a little action now will be more profitable."

"So, we are prisoners, it seems!" said the young man who spoke French, as he moved away with the others, who, far more depressed in spirit, hung their heads in silence, as they descended between decks.

Scarcely was the signal for a council of war seen from the mast-head, when the different boats might be descried stretching across the bay with speed. And now all were assembled in General Humbert's cabin, whose rank and station in the service entitled them to the honor of being consulted.

To such of us as held inferior grade, the time passed tediously enough as we paced the deck, now turning from the aspect of the silent and seemingly uninhabited cliffs along shore, to listen if no sign betokened the breaking up of the council; nor were we without serious fears that the expedition would be abandoned altogether.

This suspicion originated with the Irish themselves, who, however confident of success, and boastful of their country's resources before we sailed, now made no scruple of averring that everything was the exact reverse of what they had stated; for that the people were dispirited, the national forces disbanded, neither arms, money, nor organization anywhere—in fact, that a more hopeless scheme could not be thought of than the attempt, and that its result could not fail to be defeat and ruin to all concerned.

Shall I own that the bleak and lonely aspect of the hills along shore, the dreary character of the landscape, the almost death-like stillness of the scene, aided these gloomy impressions, and made it seem as if we were about to try our fortune on some desolate spot, without one look of encouragement, or one word of welcome to greet us? The sight of even an enemy's force would have been a relief to this solitude—the stir and movement of a rival army would have given spirit to our daring, and nerved our courage, but there was something inexpressibly sad in this unbroken monotony.

A few tried to jest upon the idea of liberating a land that had no inhabitants—the emancipation of a country without people; but even French flippancy failed to be witty on a theme so linked with all our hopes and fears, and at last a dreary silence fell upon all, and we walked the deck without speaking, waiting and watching for the result of that deliberation, which already had lasted above four mortal hours.

Twice was the young man who spoke French summoned to the cabin, but, from the briefness of his stay, apparently with little profit; and now the day began to wane, and the tall cliffs threw their lengthened shadows over the still waters of the bay, and yet nothing was resolved on. To the quiet and respectful silence of expectation, now succeeded a low and half subdued muttering of discontent; groups of five or six together were seen along the deck, talking with eagerness and animation, and it was easy to see that whatever prudential or cautious reasons dictated to the leaders, their arguments found little sympathy with the soldiers of the expedition. I almost began to fear that if a determination to abandon the exploit were come to, a mutiny might break out, when my attention was drawn off by an order to accompany Colonel Charost on shore to “reconnoitre.” This at least looked like business, and I jumped into the small boat with alacrity.

With the speed of four oars stoutly plied, we skimmed along the calm surface, and soon saw ourselves close in to the shore. Some little time was spent in looking for a good place to land; for although not the slightest air of wind was blowing, the long swell of the Atlantic broke upon the rocks with a noise like thunder. At last we shot into a little creek with a shelving gravelly beach, and completely concealed by the tall rocks on every side; and now we sprang out, and stood upon Irish ground!

CHAPTER XIX.—A “RECONNAISSANCE.”

FROM the little creek where we landed, a small zig-zag path led up the sides of the cliff, the track by which the peasants carried the sea-weed which they gathered for manure, and up this we now slowly wended our way. Stopping for some time to gaze at the ample bay beneath us, the tall-masted frigates floating so majestically on its glassy surface—it was a scene of tranquil and picturesque beauty with which it would have been almost impossible to associate the idea of war and invasion. In the lazy bunting that hung listlessly from peak and mast-head—in the cheerful voices of the sailors, heard afar off in the stillness—in the measured plash of the sea itself, and the fearless daring of the sea-gulls, as they soared slowly above our heads—there seemed something so suggestive of peace and tranquillity, it struck us as profanation to disturb it.

As we gained the top and looked around us, our astonishment became even greater. A long succession of low hills, covered with tall ferns or heath, stretched away on every side; not a house, nor a hovel, nor a living thing to be seen. Had the country been one uninhabited since the creation, it could not have presented an aspect of more thorough desolation! No road-track, nor even a foot-path, led through the dreary waste before us, on which, to all seeming, the foot of man had never fallen. And as we stood for some moments, uncertain which way to turn, a sense of the ridiculous suddenly burst upon the party, and we all broke into a hearty roar of laughter.

“I little thought,” cried Charost, “that I should ever emulate ‘La Perouse,’ but it strikes me that I am destined to become a great discoverer.”

“How so, colonel?” asked his aide-de-camp.

“Why, it is quite clear that the same island is uninhabited; and if it be all like this, I own I’m scarcely surprised at it.”

“Still, there must be a town not far off, and the residence of that bishop we heard of this morning.”

A half incredulous shrug of the shoulders was all his reply, as he sauntered along with his hands behind his back, apparently lost in thought; while we, as if instinctively partaking of his gloom, followed him in total silence.

“Do you know, gentlemen, what I’m thinking of?” said he, stopping suddenly and facing about. “My notion is, that the best thing to do here would be to plant our tricolor, proclaim the land a colony of France, and take to our boats again.”

This speech, delivered with an air of great gravity, imposed upon us for an instant; but the moment after, the speaker breaking into a hearty laugh, we all joined him, as much amused by the strangeness of our situation, as by anything in his remark.

“We never could bring our guns through a soil like this, colonel,” said the aide-de-camp, as

he stuck his heel into the soft and clayey surface.

"If we could ever land them at all!" muttered he, half aloud; then added, "But for what object should we? Believe me, gentlemen, if we are to have a campaign here, bows and arrows are the true weapons."

"Ah! what do I see yonder?" cried the aide-de-camp; "are not those sheep feeding in that little glen?"

"Yes," cried I, "and a man herding them too. See, the fellow has caught sight of us, and he's off as fast as his legs can carry him." And so was it, the man had no sooner seen us than he sprung to his feet and hurried down the mountain at full speed.

Our first impulse was to follow and give him chase, and even without a word we all started off in pursuit; but we soon saw how fruitless would be the attempt, for, even independent of the start he had got of us, the peasant's speed was more than the double of our own.

"No matter," said the colonel, "if we have lost the shepherd we have at least gained the sheep, and so I recommend you to secure mutton for dinner to-morrow."

With this piece of advice, down the hill he darted as hard as he could. Briolle, the aide-de-camp, and myself following at our best pace. We were reckoning without our host, however, for the animals, after one stupid stare at us, set off in a scamper that soon showed their mountain breeding, keeping all together like a pack of hounds, and really not very inferior in the speed they displayed.

A little gorge led between the hills, and through this they rushed madly, and with a clatter like a charge of cavalry. Excited by the chase, and emulous each to outrun the other, the colonel threw off his chako, and Briolle his sword, in the ardor of pursuit. We now gained on them rapidly, and though, from a winding in the glen, they had momentarily got out of sight, we knew that we were close upon them. I was about thirty paces in advance of my comrades, when, on turning an angle of the gorge, I found myself directly in front of a group of mud hovels, in front of which were standing about a dozen ragged, miserable-looking men, armed with pitchforks and scythes, while in the rear stood the sheep, blown and panting from the chase.

I came to a dead stop; and although I would have given worlds to have had my comrades at my side, I never once looked back to see if they were coming; but, putting a bold face on the matter, called out the only few words I knew of Irish, "Go de ma ha tu."

The peasants looked at each other; and whether it was my accent, my impudence, or my strange dress and appearance, or all together, I cannot say, but after a few seconds' pause they burst out into a roar of laughter, in the midst of which my two comrades came up.

"We saw the sheep feeding on the hills, yon-

der," said I, recovering self-possession, "and guessed that, by giving them chase, they'd lead us to some inhabited spot. What is this place called?"

"Shindrennin," said a man who seemed to be the chief of the party; "and, if I might make so bold, who are you, yourselves?"

"French officers; this is my colonel," said I, pointing to Charost, who was wiping his forehead and face after his late exertion.

The information, far from producing the electric effect of pleasure I had anticipated, was received with a coldness, almost amounting to fear, and they spoke eagerly together for some minutes in Irish.

"Our allies evidently don't like the look of us," said Charost, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, I own the disappointment is mutual."

"'T is too late you come, sir," said the peasant, addressing the colonel, while he removed his hat, and assumed an air of respectful deference. "'T is all over with poor Ireland, this time."

"Tell him," said Charost, to whom I translated the speech, "that it's never too late to assert a good cause; that we have got arms for twenty thousand, if they have but hands and hearts to use them. Tell him that a French army is now lying in that bay yonder, ready and able to accomplish the independence of Ireland."

I delivered my speech as pompously as it was briefed to me; and, although I was listened to in silence, and respectfully, it was plain my words carried little or no conviction with them. Not caring to waste more of our time in such discourse, I now inquired about the country—in what directions lay the high roads, and the relative situations of the towns of Killala, Castlebar, and Ballina, the only places of comparative importance in the neighborhood. I next asked about the landing-places, and learned that a small fishing-harbor existed, not more than half a mile from the spot where we had landed, from which a little country road lay to the village of Palmerstown. As to the means of transporting baggage, guns, and ammunition, there were few horses to be had, but with money we might get all we wanted; indeed, the peasants constantly referred to this means of success, even to asking "what the French would give a man that was to join them?" If I did not translate the demand with fidelity to my colonel, it was really that a sense of shame prevented me. My whole heart was in the cause; and I could not endure the thought of its being degraded in this way. It was growing duskish, and the colonel proposed that the peasant should show us the way to the fishing-harbor he spoke of, while some other of the party might go round to our boat, and direct them to follow us thither. The arrangement was soon made, and we all sauntered down towards the shore, chatting over the state of the country, and the chances of a successful rising. From the specimen before me, I was not disposed to be over sanguine about the peas-

entry. The man was evidently disaffected towards England. He bore her neither good-will nor love; but his fears were greater than all else. He had never heard of anything but failure in all attempts against her; and he could not believe in any other result. Even the aid and alliance of France inspired no other feeling than distrust; for he said, more than once, "Sure what can harm *yez*? Have n't ye yer ships, beyant, to take yez away, if things goes bad?"

I was heartily glad that Colonel Charost knew so little English, that the greater part of the peasant's conversation was unintelligible to him, since, from the first, he had always spoken of the expedition in terms of disparagement; and certainly what we were now to hear was not of a nature to controvert the prediction.

In our ignorance as to the habits and modes of thought of the people, we were much surprised at the greater interest the peasant betrayed when asking us about France and her prospects, than when the conversation concerned his own country. It appeared as though, in the one case, distance gave grandeur and dimensions to all his conceptions, while familiarity with home scenes and native politics had robbed them of all their illusions. He knew well that there were plenty of hardships, abundance of evils, to deplore in Ireland; rents were high, taxes and tithes oppressive, agents were severe, bailiffs were cruel; social wrongs he could discuss for hours, but of political woes, the only ones we could be expected to relieve or care for, he really knew nothing. "T is true," he repeated, "that what my honor said was all right, Ireland was badly treated," and so on; "liberty was an elegant thing if a body had 't," and such like; but there ended his patriotism.

Accustomed for many a day to the habits of a people where all were politicians, where the rights of man, and the grand principles of equality and self-government, were everlastingly under discussion, I was, I confess it, sorely disappointed at this worse than apathy.

"Will they fight?—ask him that," said Charost, to whom I had been conveying a rather rose-colored version of my friend's talk.

"Oh, be gorra! we'll fight sure enough!" said he, with a half-dogged scowl beneath his brows.

"What number of them may we reckon on in the neighborhood?" repeated the colonel.

"T is mighty hard to say; many of the boys was gone over to England for the harvest; some were away to the counties inland, others were working on the roads; but if they knew, sure they'd be soon back again."

"Might they calculate on a thousand stout, effective men?" asked Charost.

"Ay, twenty, if they were at home," said the peasant, less a liar by intention than from the vague and careless disregard of truth so common in all their own intercourse with each other.

I must own that the degree of credit we reposed in the worthy man's information was considerably influenced by the state of facts before

us, inasmuch as that the "elegant, fine harbor" he had so gloriously described—"the beautiful road"—"the neat little quay" to land upon, and the other advantages of the spot, all turned out to be most grievous disappointments. That the people were not of our own mind on these matters, was plain enough from the looks of astonishment our discontent provoked; and now a lively discussion ensued on the relative merits of various bays, creeks, and inlets along the coast, each of which, with some unpronounceable name or other, was seen to have a special advocate in its favor, till at last the colonel lost all patience, and jumping into the boat, ordered the men to push off for the frigate.

Evidently out of temper at the non-success of his "reconnaissance," and as little pleased with the country as the people, Charost did not speak a word as we rowed back to the ship. Our failure, as it happened, was of little moment, for another party, under the guidance of Madgett, had already discovered a good landing-place at the bottom of the Bay of Rathfran, and arrangements were already in progress to disembark the troops at day-break. We also found that, during our absence, some of the "chiefs" had come off from shore, one of whom, named Neal Kerrigan, was destined to attain considerable celebrity in the rebel army. He was a talkative, vulgar, presumptuous fellow, who, without any knowledge or experience whatever, took upon him to discuss military measures and strategy with all the assurance of an old commander.

Singularly enough, Humbert suffered this man to influence him in a great degree, and yielded opinion to him on points even where his own judgment was directly opposed to the advice he gave.

If Kerrigan's language and bearing were directly the reverse of soldierlike, his tawdry uniform of green and gold, with massive epaulettes and a profusion of lace, were no less absurd in our eyes, accustomed as we were to the almost puritan plainness of military costume. His rank, too, seemed as undefined as his information; for while he called himself "General," his companions as often addressed him by the title of "Captain." Upon some points his counsels, indeed, alarmed and astonished us.

"It was of no use whatever," he said, "to attempt to discipline the peasantry, or reduce them to anything like habits of military obedience. Were the effort to be made, it would prove a total failure; for they would either grow disgusted with the restraint, and desert altogether, or so infect the other troops with their own habits of disorder, that the whole force would become a mere rabble. Arm them well, let them have plenty of ammunition, and free liberty to use it in their own way and their own time, and we should soon see that they would prove a greater terror to the English than double the number of trained and disciplined troops."

In some respects this view was a correct one;

but whether it was a wise counsel to have followed, subsequent events gave us ample cause to doubt.

Kerrigan, however, had a specious, reckless, go-a-head way with him that suited well the tone and temper of Humbert's mind. He never looked too far into consequences, but trusted that the eventualities of the morrow would always suggest the best course for the day after; and this alone was so akin to our own general's mode of proceeding, that he speedily won his confidence.

The last evening on board was spent merrily on all sides. In the general cabin, where the staff and all the "chefs de brigade" were assembled, gay songs, and toasts, and speeches succeeded each other till nigh morning. The printed proclamations, meant for circulation among the people, were read out, with droll commentaries; and all imaginable quizzing and jesting went on about the new government to be established in Ireland, and the various offices to be bestowed upon each. Had the whole expedition been a joke, the tone of levity could not have been greater. Not a thought was bestowed, not a word wasted upon any of the graver incidents that might ensue. All were, if not hopeful and sanguine, utterly reckless, and thoroughly indifferent to the future.

CHAPTER XX.—KILLALA.

I WILL not weary my reader with an account of our debarkation, less remarkable as it was for the "pomp and circumstance of war" than for incidents and accidents the most absurd and ridiculous—the miserable boats of the peasantry, the still more wretched cattle employed to drag our artillery and train-wagons, involving us in innumerable misfortunes and mishances. Never were the heroic illusions of war more thoroughly dissipated than by the scenes which accompanied our landing! Boats and baggage-wagons upset; here, a wild, half savage-looking fellow swimming after a cocked-hat—there, a group of ragged wretches scraping sea-weed from a dripping officer of the staff; noise, uproar, and confusion everywhere; smart aide-de-camps mounted on donkeys; trim field-pieces "horsed" by a promiscuous assemblage of men, women, cows, ponies, and asses. Crowds of idle country-people, thronging the little quay and obstructing the passages, gazed upon the whole with eyes of wonderment and surprise, but evidently enjoying all the drollery of the scene with higher relish than they felt interested in its object or success. This trait in them soon attracted all our notice, for they laughed at everything; not a caisson tumbled into the sea, not a donkey brought his rider to the ground, but one general shout shook the entire assemblage.

If want and privation had impressed themselves by every external sign on this singular people, they seemed to possess inexhaustible resources of good humor and good spirits within. No impatience or rudeness on our part could irritate

them; and even to the wildest and least civilized looking fellow around, there was a kind of native courtesy and kindness that could not fail to strike us.

A vague notion prevailed that we were their "friends;" and although many of them did not clearly comprehend why we had come, or what was the origin of the warm attachment between us, they were too lazy and too indifferent to trouble their heads about the matter. They were satisfied that there would be a "shindy" somewhere, and somebody's bones would get broken, and even that much was a pleasant and reassuring consideration; while others of keener mould revelled in plans of private vengeance against this landlord or that agent—small debts of hatred to be paid off in the day of general reckoning!

From the first moment nothing could exceed the tone of fraternal feeling between our soldiers and the people. Without any means of communicating their thoughts by speech, they seemed to acquire an instinctive knowledge of each other in an instant. If the peasant was poor, there was no limit to his liberality in the little he had. He dug up his half-ripe potatoes, he unroofed his cabin to furnish straw for litter, he gave up his only beast, and was ready to kill his cow, if asked, to welcome us. Much of this was from the native, warm, and impulsive generosity of their nature, and much, doubtless, had its origin in the bright hopes of future recompense inspired by the eloquent appeals of Neal Kerrigan, who, mounted on an old white mare, rode about on every side, addressing the people in Irish, and calling upon them to give all aid and assistance to "the expedition."

The difficulty of the landing was much increased by the small space of level ground which intervened between the cliffs and the sea, and of which now the thickening crowd filled every spot. This and the miserable means of conveyance for our baggage delayed us greatly, so that, with a comparatively small force, it was late in the afternoon before we had all reached the shore.

We had none of us eaten since morning, and were not sorry, as we crowned the heights, to hear the drums beat for "cooking." In an inconceivably short time fires blazed along the hills, around which, in motley groups, stood soldiers and peasantry mingled together, while the work of cooking and eating went briskly on, amid hearty laughter and all the merriment that mutual mistakes and misconceptions occasioned. It was a new thing for French soldiers to bivouac in a friendly country, and find themselves the welcome guests of a foreign people; and certainly the honors of hospitality, however limited the means, could not have been performed with more of courtesy or good will. Paddy gave his "all," with a generosity that might have shamed many a richer donor.

While the events I have mentioned were going forward, and a considerable crowd of fishermen and peasants had gathered about us, still it was

remarkable that, except immediately on the coast itself, no suspicion of our arrival had gained currency, and even the country people who lived a mile from the shore were ignorant of who we were. The few who, from distant heights and headlands, had seen the ships, mistook them for English, and as all those who were out with fish or vegetables to sell were detained by the frigates, any direct information about us was impossible. So far, therefore, all might be said to have gone most favorably with us. We had safely escaped the often-menaced dangers of the channel fleet; we had gained a secure and well-sheltered harbor; and we had landed our force not only without opposition, but in perfect secrecy. There were, I will not deny, certain little counterbalancing circumstances on the other side of the account, not exactly so satisfactory. The patriot forces upon which he had calculated had no existence. There were neither money, nor stores, nor means of conveyance to be had; even accurate information as to the strength and position of the English was unattainable; and, as to generals and leaders, the effective staff had but a most sorry representative in the person of Neal Kerrigan. This man's influence over our general increased with every hour, and one of the first orders issued after our landing contained his appointment as an extra *side-de-camp* on General Humbert's staff.

In one capacity Neal was most useful. All the available sources of pillage for a wide circuit of country he knew by heart, and it was plain, from the accurate character of his information, varying, as it did, from the chattels of the rich landed proprietor to the cocks and hens of the cottier, that he had taken great pains to master his subject. At his suggestion it was decided that we should march that evening on Killala, where little, or, more likely, no resistance would be met with, and General Humbert should take up his quarters in the "Castle," as the palace of the bishop was styled. There, he said, we should not only find ample accommodation for the staff, but good stabling, well filled, and plenty of forage, while the bishop himself might be a most useful hostage to have in our keeping. From thence, too, as a place of some note, general orders and proclamations would issue, with a kind of notoriety and importance necessary at the outset of an undertaking like ours; and truly never was an expedition more loaded with this species of missive than ours—whole cart-loads of printed papers, decrees, placards, and such like, followed us. If our object had been to drive out the English by big type and a flaming letter-press, we could not have gone more vigorously to work. Fifty thousand broad-sheet announcements of Irish independence were backed by as many proud declarations of victory, some dated from Limerick, Cashel, or Dublin itself. Here, a great placard gave the details of the new provincial government of Western Ireland, with the name of the "Prefect" a blank. There was another, containing the police regulations for the "*arrondissements*" of Connaught,

"et ses dependances." Every imaginable step of conquest and occupation was anticipated and provided for in these wise and considerate protocols, from the "enthusiastic welcome" of the French on the western coast to the hour of "General Humbert's triumphal entry into Dublin!" Nor was it prose alone, but even poetry, did service in our cause. Songs, not, I own, conspicuous for any great metrical beauty, commemorated our battles and our bravery; so that we entered upon the campaign as deeply pledged to victory as any force I ever heard or read of in history.

Neal, who was, I believe, originally a school-master, had great confidence in this arsenal of "black and white;" and soon persuaded General Humbert that a bold face and a loud tongue would do more in Ireland than in any country under heaven; and, indeed, if his own career might be called a success, the theory deserved some consideration. A great part of our afternoon was then spent in distributing these documents to the people, not one in a hundred of whom could read, but who treasured the placards with a reverence nothing diminished by their ignorance. Emis-saries, too, were appointed to post them up in conspicuous places through the country, on the doors of the chapels, at the smiths' forges, at cross-roads, everywhere, in short, where they might attract notice. The most important and business-like of all these, however, was one headed "ARMS!"—"ARMS!" and which went on to say that no man who wished to lift his hand for old Ireland need do so without a weapon; and that a general distribution of guns, swords, and bayonets would take place at noon the following day at the Palace of Killala.

Serazin, and, I believe, Madgett, were strongly opposed to this indiscriminate arming of the people; but Neal's counsels were now in the ascendant, and Humbert gave an implicit confidence to all he suggested.

It was four o'clock in the evening when the word to march was given, and our gallant little force began its advance movement. Still attached to Colonel Charost's staff, and being, as chasseurs, in the advance, I had a good opportunity of seeing the line of march from an eminence about half a mile in front. Grand and more imposing displays I have indeed often witnessed. As a great military "spectacle" it could not, of course, be compared with those mighty armies I had seen deploying through the defiles of the Black Forest, or spreading like a sea over the wide plain of Germany, but, in purely picturesque effect, this scene surpassed all I had ever beheld at the time, nor do I think that, in after life, I can recall one more striking.

The winding road, which led over hill and valley, now disappearing, now emerging with the undulations of the soil, was covered by troops marching in a firm, compact order; the grenadiers in front, after which came the artillery, and then the regiments of the line. Watching the dark

column, occasionally saluting it as it went with a cheer, stood thousands of country people on every hill-top and eminence, while far away, in the distance, the frigates lay at anchor in the bay, the guns at intervals thundering out a solemn "boom" of welcome and encouragement to their comrades.

There was something so heroic in the notion of that little band of warriors throwing themselves fearlessly into a strange land, to contest its claim for liberty with one of the most powerful nations of the world; there was a character of daring intrepidity in this bold advance, they knew not whither, nor against what force, that gave the whole an air of glorious chivalry.

I must own that distance lent its wonted illusion to the scene, and proximity, like its twin-brother, familiarity, destroyed much of the "prestige" my fancy had conjured up. The line of march, so imposing when seen from afar, was neither regular nor well kept. The peasantry were permitted to mingle with the troops; ponies, mules, and asses, loaded with camp-kettles and cooking vessels, were to be met with everywhere. The baggage-wagons were crowded with officers, and "sous-officers," who, disappointed in obtaining horses, were too indolent to walk. Even the gun-carriages, and the guns themselves, were similarly loaded, while, at the head of the infantry column, in an old rickety gig, the ancient mail conveyance between Balina and the coast, came General Humbert, Neal Kerrigan capering at his side on the old gray, whose flanks were now tastefully covered by the tri-color ensign of one of the boats as a saddle-cloth.

This nearer and less enchanting prospect of my gallant comrades I was enabled to obtain, on being despatched to the rear by Colonel Charost, to say that we were now within less than a mile of the town of Killala—its venerable steeple, and the tall chimneys of the palace, being easily seen above the low hills in front. Neal Kerrigan passed me, as I rode back with my message, galloping to the front with all the speed he could muster; but while I was talking to the general he came back to say that the beating of drums could be heard from the town, and that, by the rapid movements here and there of people, it was evident the defence was being prepared. There was a look-out, too, from the steeple, that showed our approach was already known. The general was not slow in adopting his measures, and the word was given for quick march, the artillery to deploy right and left of the road, two companies of grenadiers forming on the flanks. "As for you, sir," said Humbert to me, "take that horse," pointing to a mountain pony, fastened behind the gig, "ride forward to the town and make a reconnaissance. You are to report to me!" cried he, as I rode away, and was soon out of hearing.

Quitting the road, I took a foot-track across the fields, and which the pony seemed to know well, and after a sharp canter reached a small, poor suburb of the town, if a few straggling, wretched

cabins can deserve the name; a group of country men stood in the middle of the road, about fifty yards in front of me; and while I was deliberating whether to advance or retire, a joyous cry of "Hurra for the French!" decided me, and I touched my cap in salute and rode forward.

Other groups saluted me with a similar cheer, as I went on; and now windows were flung open, and glad cries and shouts of welcome rang out from every side. These signs were too encouraging to turn my back upon, so I dashed forward through a narrow street in front, and soon found myself in a kind of square or "Place," the doors and windows of which were all closed, and not a human being to be seen anywhere. As I hesitated what next to do, I saw a soldier in a red coat rapidly turn the corner—"What do you want here, you spy?" he cried out in a loud voice, and at the same instant his bullet rung past my ear with a whistle. I drove in the spurs at once, and just as he had gained a doorway I clove his head open with my sabre—he fell dead on the spot before me. Wheeling my horse round, I now rode back as I had come, at full speed, the same welcome cries accompanying me as before.

Short as had been my absence, it was sufficient to have brought the advanced guard close up with the town, and, just as I emerged from the little suburb, a quick, sharp firing drew my attention towards the left of the wall, and there I saw our fellows advancing at a trot, while about twenty red-coats were in full flight before them, the wild cries of the country people following them as they went.

I had but time to see thus much, and to remark that two or three English prisoners were taken, when the general came up. He had now abandoned the gig, and was mounted on a large, powerful, black horse, which I afterwards learned was one of the bishop's. My tidings were soon told, and, indeed, but indifferently attended to, for it was evident enough that the place was our own.

"This way, general—follow me," cried Kerrigan. "If the light-companies will take the road down to the 'Acres,' they'll catch the yeomen as they retreat by that way, and we have the town our own."

The counsel was speedily adopted; and although a dropping fire, here and there, showed that some slight resistance was still being made, it was plain enough that all real opposition was impossible.

"Forward!" was now the word; and the "chasseurs," with their muskets "in sling," advanced at a trot up the main street. At a little distance the grenadiers followed, and, debouching into the square, were received by an ill-directed volley from a few of the militia, who took to their heels after they fired. Three or four red-coats were killed, but the remainder made their escape through the church-yard, and, gaining the open country, scattered and fled as best they could.

Humbert, who had seen war on a very different scale, could not help laughing at the absurdity of

the skirmish, and was greatly amused with the want of all discipline and "accord" exhibited by the English troops.

"I foresee, gentlemen," said he, jocularly, "that we may have abundance of success, but gain very little glory, in the same campaign. Now for a blessing upon our labors—where shall we find our friend, the bishop?"

"This way, general," cried Neal, leading down a narrow street, at the end of which stood a high wall, with an iron gate. This was locked, and some efforts at barricading it showed the intention of a defence; but a few strokes of a pioneer's hammer smashed the lock, and we entered a kind of pleasure ground, neatly and trimly kept. We had not advanced many paces when the bishop, followed by a great number of his clergy—for it happened to be the period of his annual visitation—came forward to meet us.

Humbert dismounted, and, removing his chapeau, saluted the dignitary with a most finished courtesy. I could see, too, by his gesture, that he presented General Serazin, the second in command; and, in fact, all his motions were those of a well-bred guest at the moment of being received by his host. Nor was the bishop, on his side, wanting either in ease or dignity; his manner, not without the appearance of deep sorrow, was yet that of a polished gentleman doing the honors of his house to a number of strangers.

As I drew nearer, I could hear that the bishop

spoke French fluently, but with a strong foreign accent. This facility, however, enabled him to converse with ease on every subject, and to hold intercourse directly with our general, a matter of no small moment to either party. It is probable that the other clergy did not possess this gift, for assuredly their manner towards us, inferiors of the staff, was neither gracious nor conciliating; and, as for myself, the few efforts I made to express, in English, my admiration for the coast scenery, or the picturesque beauty of the neighborhood, were met in any rather than a spirit of politeness.

The generals accompanied the bishop into the castle, leaving myself and three or four others on the outside. Colonel Charost soon made his appearance, and a guard was stationed at the entrance gate, with a strong picquet in the garden. Two sentries were placed at the hall-door, and the words "Quartier Général" written up over the portico. A small garden pavilion was appropriated to the colonel's use, and made the office of the adjutant-general, and in less than half-an-hour after our arrival eight sous-officiers were hard at work, under the trees, writing away at billets, contribution orders, and forage rations; while I, from my supposed fluency in English, was engaged in carrying messages to and from the staff to the various shopkeepers and tradesmen of the town, numbers of whom now flocked around us with expressions of welcome and rejoicing.

A PRAIRIE INCIDENT.

At a place called Yellow Creek, about half way between Salt Lake and the junction of the Oregon and California road, we were the unwilling witnesses to an Indian massacre. On the evening previous, we had crossed the creek, and encamped about a mile and a half beyond. Near the creek, some Snake Indians, thirteen in all, had erected their wigwams. Before dark I had endeavored, but in vain, to trade with the chief for a pony, but "*no swap*" was the word, though all the while some one of the party kept exhibiting the good qualities and speed of the different animals. The young squaws excelled their lords in horsemanship or horsemanship. One young creature assumed every attitude of the best circus rider. She would pick her whip from the ground under full speed; check her pony in his mad career as if he had been shot; wheel him at full speed by an inclination of her body; throw the lasso successfully at whatever object she pleased. She rode like the men, yet—

An antelope,
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
Were less ethereally light.

She was an Indian beauty too, and somewhat of a coquette in the bargain. She would arch her own and horse's neck at any praise bestowed on either her beauty or her horsemanship, and laugh most heartily at our attempts to make ourselves understood. She was all life and buoyancy—but, alas! she was a cold corpse ere the morning sun shone upon the valley in which she had been so

active and happy. Just as the day was breaking, we heard the ominous war-whoop, and immediately followed the sharp crack of the rifle. We aroused ourselves from our slumbers, and hastened toward the scene of action. A horrid sight met our view. There lay the dead forms of those who had lived and breathed the evening before; nearly all had two or three bullets in their bodies.

Our heroine of the night previous had not escaped. She lay outside her wigwam, a bleeding corpse. No respect had been paid to her jet black locks; the scalping knife had passed round them, and they now doubtless grace the girdle of some graceless Utah. Twelve snakes lay dead upon the ground, nine of whom had been scalped, two old Indians and a boy having escaped the knife; one squaw had escaped by flight. The perpetrators of this horrid scene were about fifty Utah Indians, whom we saw near the camp of an emigrating party about a mile from the scene of action. With horror and disgust we turned from the sight and pursued our way.—*Correspondent St. Louis Intelligencer.*

DISEASE AMONGST THE YOUNG WOODS IN ROXBURGHSHIRE.—We have heard repeatedly of late of a disease, somewhat akin to that which has overtaken the potatoes, manifesting itself strongly amongst the young woods. The larches are dying fast, and other descriptions likewise. In the Duke of Buccleugh's plantations in Teviotdale, Eskdale, and Ewes, the havoc is very great, threatening to destroy many woodlands altogether.—*Daily Mail.*

From the Examiner, 16 Nov.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. D'ISRAELI, in his Young England days, used to be fond of comparing our English government of magnates to that of Venice. But whatever points of fantastic similitude may have been detected between them, they are by no means so numerous or so striking as those which really and closely approximate the present government of France to the regime of the city of Saint Mark. The French National Assembly is now in spirit, and to all intents and purposes, a senate exercising all legislative and controlling all executive power. The Assembly, as such, is completely governed by its notables, its men eminent for having held office, or made wealth, or exercised influence. The families of the *haut commerce* are among them. In the face of this puissant aristocracy stands the doge, without the doge's life-tenure of office; and never was Venetian doge more uncomfortable than Louis Napoleon. The French senate and he live in mutual mistrust. They deny him all the power they can refuse, and he thwarts them to the best of his ability. He seeks support now in the army, now in the people, but with no steady purpose; and as the senate has power over the army, and has its own Othello, the doge runs the risk either of becoming a cipher in his chair of state, or leaving an epitaph of *decapitatus criminibus*, slain by the Council of Ten for rebelling against the august authority of his masters.

If we read the French press, or contemplate the sittings and debates of the Council of Ten, as the Provisional Committee may be called, or mark the doings of the Inquisition of State, we are carried back several centuries. The last accounts from Paris tell of a plot for assassinating Changarnier and Dupin, just the things we read of in Venetian chronicles. Venice had its Socialists, its prisons, and its apparitors, who thrust people into the dungeons of the police for daring to talk politics. All the power and administrative machinery of the Venetian state were concentrated in the city itself; and the keeping it quiet formed the great business of politics. Then Venice, amidst all its real and deeply-felt inequalities, enforced the observance of external and republican equality. The gondola of the proudest was compelled to wear the same humble exterior as that of the poorest. Title and ostentation were forbidden, though pride was never carried to a more intolerant pitch.

There is little need of entering into further detail. Sufficient has been said to show that the resemblance between ancient Venice and modern France is more complete than between Venice and our commercial selves. But the advantage is on the side of Venice.

The Venetians always took care to elect a doge of their own aristocratic order. They might employ foreign princes as their generals; but to put into the sovereign seat a man who had pretensions of his own independent of them, was a folly never committed by Venice. It has been done, however, by the French. They elected Louis Napoleon as another element of *order*, on account of the reverence men had towards his name. And the result is that they have got together, in the same government and constitution, so many jarring elements of *order*, such as Orleanist, Legitimist, Bonapartist, that out of their conflict arises the most complete and thorough *disorder*.

Only ten days ago these were on the point of

bursting out into civil war. The president had determined to dismiss the chief of the army, and that chief had applied to the president of the Assembly to empower him to raise 60,000 men for the defence of the Assembly. In other words, General Changarnier wanted to organize a permanent state of civil war, and two hostile military camps in the capital.

Such an anarchy, greater than ever socialists dreamed of, was avoided by mutual concession, after honor on both sides was satisfied by the striking of mutual blows. We will not say who had the best of it. Suffice it that the contending parties, the doge and the commando, came together to the opening session, speaking in harmony, and radiant with the good understanding that for the moment exists between them. The president, in his message, speaks completely as the majority of the Assembly would have him. He denounces the democrats, exults in the police and the public prosecutor, and glories in having set up the Pope; the only bad thing he does not boast of is the having gagged the press. But facts announce this sufficiently. The *Presse*, having published a mock presidential message, culled from the published works of Louis Napoleon—such a squib as at any time in this country would have raised a laugh—becomes in Paris the object of instant prosecution. Prince Schwartzberg himself could not betray more of the meaner susceptibilities of despotism. It is just the old Venetian measure of freedom of utterance.

With regard to the march of government in France, and its internal policy, there is no liberal man that must not turn in disgust alike from the sayings and doings of Louis Napoleon. Still, however, with regard to his own pretensions to reelection, and the position which he represents himself as determined to take up, the message of the president has at least the merit of being frank. He openly demands the alteration and revision of the constitution, and denounces it, i. e., the republic, as affording little stability. But he disavows all idea of making any change by a *coup d'état*, or by other than the regular, constitutional, and mixed parliamentary and popular modes. This is a summoning of his various antagonists to a very fair ground for deciding their respective fortunes and pretensions without civil strife and eternal conspiracy.

The portion of the message which explains, or would explain, the foreign policy of the president's government, is all that could be desired in words. It is not unkind towards England, nor is the advantage which France at last gained in the Greek affair put forward in any offensive or exultant way. There is, on the contrary, a leaning to England and English ideas in the message, and not the remotest compliment to Russia. Indeed, the message is very different from what it would have been if drawn up a week back. Then France was rather abetting Russia and Austria in their anti-German crusade. But since then the French cabinet has awakened to the menacing language and intentions of the absolutist powers; and we learn that its influence, along with that of England, is now in the course of exertion to prevent war or military coercion in Germany. The message announces French neutrality in purely German quarrels, but adds that France is using its endeavors with the King of Denmark to grant liberal institutions to the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. This may mean as little as the liberal institutions

which the Pope is lauded for *intending*. But even liberal language is something in these absolutist times.

On the whole, the constitutional party in Europe have no reason to be dissatisfied with the message of the French president, if we except the language held on the subject of Italy and of the internal affairs of France. But with the latter we have only to deal as spectators. How France is to extricate itself from a purely military regime is a problem certainly not solved in either message or Assembly. It is, however, no easy problem, and it is one for the solution of which France and the world may wait. But with respect to the action of France on Europe, we have a right to expect that it should be exerted for the development of at least moderate liberty and national independence. France should not be found at the tail of Austrian and Russian despotism, and it is matter of satisfaction that the message does not place her there.

From the Examiner, 16 Nov.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

ANY mistake now as to what we have to contend against would be an error fraught with grievous consequences. There are three parties with distinct and conflicting objects—the Romanists, the Tractarians, and the faithful adherents to the principles of the Reformation. To the last the Pope has offered an insult, and the Tractarians have done injury, and are attempting, and will attempt, more. The one provocation is of a nature to move indignation or contempt, the other is of a sort to put us on our defence against internal treachery. From the open aggressor we have nothing to fear; not so from the other, the sapper of the foundations of the church in the person of the appointed minister. Yet in the cry that is rising against Popery, we see Puseyism escaping the reprobation and correction so richly its due; and it naturally swells the clamor so convenient to it, not only in accordance with the cunning expressed in the homely Scotch proverb, "The fastest thief calls loudest 'fie,'" but because it is really adverse to the present papal encroachment. There is concerned, indeed, the jealousy of two of a trade. It is another protectionist question. We had home-growers of Romanism who were making great progress when the Pope sent over his own commodity to supersede their produce, and to supplant the native talent employed in the art of conversion. Their case was similar to that of the innkeeper who complained that after he had been for days occupied in brewing port wine for a general election, a corrupter had presented the independent voters with a genuine pipe, to make beasts of them.

The Tractarians were for a home-bred Romanism, a thing of their own, a manufacture like the English cambric, lace, or merino, which emulates the French without at all meaning to invite French importations to supersede them. Their cunning plan was to make a Popery by borrowing from Rome, but Rome was not to be borrowed in order to be rivalled; Rome would not see its image set up in counterfeit at Oxford, so Rome supplies itself to the confusion of our native producers of the foreign schism. And their demand is now for protection against the foreign rivalry; for how can they compete with foreigners who work for so much lower wages, and who are driven to no roundabout or underhand methods of fabricating apostates!

Nothing could have so spoiled the plan for going to Rome as Rome's coming here. The Puseyites, anchor has come home. While it was a-head it was a hold and a purchase for them; under their bows it is an oppressive weight and impediment. The Puseyites may well ask Rome, "How can we go to you if you will be so ill advised as to come to us?" The paramour, to whom stolen visits were paid, is so indiscreet as to come openly and boastfully to the husband's house. The collocation is fatal to every subdulous and deceitful purpose. The sham pig and the true pig are brought squeak to squeak together, and we may be sure that unbounded applause will not attend the comparison. The Pope has played *Marplot*, and the Tractarians, besides their displeasure at the derangement of their operations, are directly interested in resisting encroachments which jostle with their own desired encroachments. How must a Puseyite bishop in *posse* hate the juxtaposition of a Romish bishop in *esse*! He sees what he would be preëccupying, the place and pretensions he covets. And the public discover that they are as like as two peas.

Archdeacon Hodson says:

"Let the Roman bishops once fairly seat themselves in their dioceses, claiming full right to exercise spiritual jurisdiction, and the next thing would be the organization of priests in every parish, and the Protestant clergymen of the establishment would find walking side by side with themselves (not hand in hand) a set of men with cunningly-devised instructions, claiming to enforce obedience to the teachings and form of worship of the Romish church. The assumption of this dangerous power would, if it were permitted, prove fatal to the liberties and privileges possessed by the people of this country."

Is all this so certain? In Catholic Ireland there is a Protestant clergyman in every parish, and is it found that he, backed by the state, and with the vantage ground which is supposed to belong to him, makes converts to his church? A Catholic Church in Protestant England would be in a more unfavorable state for proselytism than the Protestant Church in Catholic Ireland, both the number and the feeling of the population being more strongly against it, to say nothing of the merits of the cause. If the presence of a Romish priest in every parish in Great Britain could be so dangerous, as Archdeacon Hodson supposes, the Pope could have attacked us most effectually in that way without putting forth the pretensions of supremacy which have raised the alarm, and roused the vigilance of the public, and might do so still if those pretensions were put down by law. His emissaries would have answered the purpose better than counterfeit parish priests. The mock Romish hierarchy here can do but one thing—give offence. It is an insolent, but impotent, figment.

Without the preparation of faith in transubstantiation, no one can believe that the Hierarchy of England can be changed into the Hierarchy of Rome by papal word of command.

Inferences from the working of the Romish hierarchy in Ireland will not apply to England. In Ireland there is a fulcrum, and a broad fulcrum, for the lever of Rome, in seven eighths of the population: in Great Britain there is no such fulcrum, the Catholics being one of the smaller sects scattered and scanty, excepting in a few great towns where the numbers are swelled by Irish laborers. We must not argue from realities to fictions, from what a living man can do to what an effigy can do.

The hierarchy of Ireland is, in reality, built upon a substantial basis. The recognition has been blamed; but how could it have been refused, whether the fact was desirable or not? There are in Ireland several millions of people in communion with Rome. Was it to be supposed that they were without a church government; was the state to believe that a third of its population were under no spiritual authority; that there was a sectarian anarchy to that extent; and, if not, where would have been the wisdom, the policy, of refusing to recognize the truth, and more, to live on the best terms with a disagreeable fact, not to be mended by sulking or quarrelling? The fault has been, not in doing too much in the way of recognition, but in doing too little. Had diplomatic intercourse with Rome been established, the present aggression would not have happened; but, ignoring the Pope, we are very angry that he ignores us, or treats us as heathens. Truly observes the Dean of Bristol, in his most sensible speech to the clergy of that city, containing the very best counsel we have seen from any ecclesiastical quarter—

“Passions, when awakened, are apt to clamor down reason; and I much fear that the passions awakened, and legitimately awakened, by this bold insult of the Pope of Rome are leading us to forget what realities are couched under the measure itself.

“It is the greatest possible consequence to our cause, to our standing well with the people, and to our ultimate success, that we are not hurried away into exaggeration—into the assertion of things which may easily be contradicted; and into complaint and fears which will eventually only excite ridicule. I allude to such statements as I have seen attributed to eminent authorities in the church, implying that our orders have been invalidated; that the two most ancient provinces of the western church, those of Canterbury and York, have been annihilated; and that the Jus commune of Papal Rome has been substituted for the constitutions and canons of the Anglican church. Let us feel very contentedly aware that the Pope can neither confirm nor invalidate our orders, nor any other orders than those of his own communion; and let us feel perfectly persuaded that our two most reverend prelates have not less sure and comfortable possession of the rights and revenues of their provinces at this moment than they have had hitherto. And let us not for a moment believe that the Pope can secure to himself, or to any delegates of his, so much as one atom of jurisdiction in England, no, not even over the most abject slave to his superstition. Nor let us trouble ourselves to show, as some take great pains to do, that the Pope has no claim to dominion in this realm, because of some independence of the Church of England prior to the Pope's usurpation of supremacy here, through Augustine, or through the Norman princes. Let us be very well content to know that, if this priest of Italy had had dominion over us up to this very hour, it would have been quite enough cause and excuse to us that he should cease to have it simply in our choosing no longer to submit to it. Let those grovel who will in this unworthy inquiry. Let us rather learn to know what is Christian liberty, and to thank God that we have it.

“Nor let us rail against ‘the schism’ of the Pope's measure, and talk of its being ‘a fundamental principle of the universal church’ that there can be but one bishop in a diocese.” So doing, we condemn our own church, who at the reformation sent bishops to Ireland, in my opinion then Catho-

lic, and since to Canada, and to our colonies, to Malta, and to Jerusalem; we condemn the Bishop of London, who does not scruple to confirm when he is in France, and to license a clergyman in a Roman diocese at Madeira; we condemn the episcopal church of Scotland, who sent a bishop to reside at Paris; we condemn ourselves, who, I presume without scruple, would use the ministrations of a Protestant bishop if we happened to sojourn in a Catholic diocese.”

Dr. Elliot, having thus shown what are not the realities of the case, proceeds to point to the quarter in which the danger truly lies:

“I trust I may not appear presumptuous, and I would not be thought to blame, but I must confess that as yet the only result that I have been able to see of the haste of the Protestants to meet what they call the emergency of this crisis, has been to strengthen the Tractarians. *It seems to be agreed that no direct allusions should be made to them, that their errors should be overlooked, in order that they may be induced to commit themselves against Popery.* Some concession is made to meet them, and that concession appears to me the acceptance of the very basis of all their error. Every artifice is made use of by the Tractarians and their friends to save this principle from condemnation, and even to obtain covertly its recognition. We condemn Popish doctrines in the lump, and they affirm they are ready to condemn Popish doctrines and practices also with us; only in their own mind they reserve much of what we call Popish, by calling it to themselves Catholic. We think we are carrying the Tractarians with us; in fact they are tricking us into support of them. To them this demonstration, so long as it may be carried on in heedless, angry haste, is matter purely of congratulation. It is as the tub thrown to the whale. By adhesion to the ambiguous declarations yet made, they appear to coincide with us, and so disarm the long suspicion with which they have been watched, and obtain to themselves the freedom from observation so necessary to their unhallowed work.

“The Bishop of London desires his clergy to preach against Rome; but what right has the Church of England to preach against Rome, if Tractarianism be consistent with the Church of England? What right have we to condemn, if it can be retorted with truth; if it can be affirmed, as it is vehemently affirmed, by clergymen professing to be dutiful members of the Church of England, that in all essential doctrines we are the same with the Church of Rome?

“And how are we to grapple with Tractarian practices, which the bishops are either unwilling or unable to forbid? How are we to deal with practices, with directions, with new offices, with suspected Romish customs, when the Tractarians use their utmost endeavors to conceal what they are, and the bishops will not drag them into light? What hope have we to countervail this direct effort to lead to Rome, if the bishops will not interfere with a hand, which when they please can be made sufficiently heavy and strong?

“Now let it be remembered, with burning shame before man, and with deep sorrow and humiliation before God, that it is from the Church of England that popery has mainly derived the converts of which it boasts. And let no one be so wilfully blind as not to see that this is so, because the Church of England has not been willing, or has not had strength, to repudiate and cast from it the Tractarian leaven.

"If we think it time and our duty to oppose Rome, how better oppose it than by opposing that which takes of our people and hands them over to Rome? Remember it is not from dissent that Rome gains its victims, it is principally from the Church of England; and it is from the Church of England simply because its authorities and not itself recognize and countenance a teaching which is either identical with that of Rome, or so close to it as to find its more perfect consummation in that communion.

"But how best oppose Tractarianism? How best not only show its identity with Roman falsehood, and its most plain contrariety with the history, the formularies, the temper, and aim of the Church of England? How best remove it from contact with our unsuspecting people? The Bishop of London desires us, in this crisis, to preach controversial sermons; I presume his lordship means against the Romanists, and not the Tractarians.

"But what if we preached controversial sermons all our lives long, and every day of our lives, either against Romanism or Tractarianism, what effect would this have if our authorities countenanced, shielded, promoted, or were by law unable to rebuke the Tractarians? Tractarianism will never be effectually checked; Tractarianism will only smile, or deride our every effort, until the authorities of the church can be induced to perceive and acknowledge the utter repugnance between Tractarianism and the teaching of our church, and the teaching of the Saviour and his Apostles."

The Dean of Bristol lays bare the root of the evil. The church is undermined, and its betrayers are amongst its ministers. This is the enemy at hand, and the enemy to be grappled with and dispossessed of the opportunity of mischief. As for the Pope, he is no more potential against us than the Mufti of Constantinople. As a writer in the *Presse* observes, he has blown his trumpet of the last judgment against our church, but we ought to know that no walls but those of Jericho have ever fallen by sound of trumpet. But the defences against a real danger are called off to meet an imaginary one; and Puseyism escapes and continues practising its wiles for the introduction of the Oxford Popery, while all are engaged in combating the powerless Pope.

Again let us quote Dr. Elliot, not from his speech to the Bristol clergy, but the preface to his sermons to his late parishioners:

"Tractarianism has now shown itself to be but another name for Romanism. It differs from Romanism in but two respects:—the one, that while it accepts as the essence, what Rome itself would count but the accidents, and what St. Paul would call 'the beggarly elements,' of worship, it ignores that attractive and mighty principle of subjection to one earthly head, which has almost made Rome the spiritual queen of this world;—the other, that Romanists do not hold, and Tractarians do permit themselves to hold, preferment in a church, which is as much opposed to Tractarianism as it is to Rome."

From the Spectator, 16 Nov.

THE RIGHTS OF INVENTORS.

At present, inventions are treated as *feræ nature*, which may be seized and appropriated by all, regardless of the claims of those by whose ingenuity and skill, and labor and cost, they were produced;

and it seems to be apprehended that this want of protection will have the effect of placing the inventive faculty of our country below its proper level at the great exhibition of the works of industry of all nations. A feeling of national honor operates in favor of a class that has been hitherto singularly neglected in England, which depends so much for its prosperity on improvements and perfection in the manufacturing arts; and the recognition and protection of property in inventions, which have been disregarded and denied to justice, have now a chance of being granted to national pride.

Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the state of our patent laws. The mode of conferring privileges by letters-patent is a relic of feudal times; and, although the kind of property to which the title is thus conferred was almost unknown when the grant of the privilege was common for other purposes, yet it is for the disposition of such property, almost exclusively, that the power remains in force. Bit by bit, amendments in the laws have been made—just to stave off the necessity for a thorough reform, which the change of circumstances demanded; but the crying evils of the system continue unaltered.

The creation by the inventive faculties of man of any new product, or new application of a scientific principle to useful purposes, constitutes a species of property, to which the inventor has a natural right, equal to that he would have to a tract of land reclaimed from the waters of the ocean. Be the value of the property, in either case, what it may, it is an addition to the national wealth. The law, however, recognizes no right to property created by invention. Not only may any one enter on the inventor's domain and take joint possession with the man who has reclaimed it from the waste, but the original proprietor may, by fraud, not punishable by law, be expelled from it altogether, without any chance of redress. An inventor has no right to his invention unless he obtain a special grant from the crown for its exclusive use and exercise. The only rational principle on which such a disregard of natural rights can be defended seems to be this—that exclusive property in the application of a scientific principle, or any new kind of manufacture, may be injurious to public interests; and that it is desirable to provide against hurtful monopoly, by limiting the right of property to such inventions as may be enjoyed without public detriment. We say nothing of the impolicy of acting on such a principle, which would take away the chief stimulus to improvement; but if avowed, it would at least be intelligible, and, on the recognized practice of individual interest yielding to the public good, its injustice might be palliated. But the grant of her majesty's letters-patent is regulated by no consideration of the kind. There is the pretext, indeed, of much consideration about the matter, but not one iota of reality. An humble petition to the crown must be prepared, fortified by a declaration before a master in chancery; the petition and declaration are referred by the home secretary to the attorney-general or solicitor-general; that officer reports in favor of the petition; it is then returned to the home office; a warrant is prepared for the queen to sign; and, after passing through upwards of twenty other stages, in the course of which the queen's signature is again required, her majesty's "especial license, full power sole privilege and authority," are granted, by "especial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion," to the humble petitioner to make, use,

exercise, and vend, his invention for the term of fourteen years. This full power and authority of the sovereign, notwithstanding all the vexatious delays caused by passing from office to office, is as much a matter of purchase as a pair of gloves in a hosiery shop; for never in the worst days of monopolies were they sold so barefacedly as at the present day. If an application for a patent be not opposed by parties interested in similar inventions, it takes its course through the various offices without any one knowing the nature of the invention for which the monopoly is desired. The attorney-general makes his report, recommending the invention as worthy of especial privilege, without, in nine cases out of ten, having the most remote knowledge of what he recommends, beyond such idea as the title may convey, and that is generally so vaguely worded as to form little or no guidance to the real character of the invention. If, indeed, it were professed to be "a new improvement in the means of destroying public property," or "an improved explosive shell for blowing up both houses of Parliament," the attorney-general would, if unusually attentive to the petition, forbear to recommend the grant of her majesty's letters-patent for such an object; but, unless some glaring public injury be expressed, the patent is obtained as a matter of course, and the inventor becomes possessed of her majesty's privilege to monopolize whatever he chooses to claim within the range of his title, when the time arrives for specifying the nature of his invention.

The patent laws abound in anomalies, and are unjust and oppressive to inventors, at the same time that they are injurious to the public. The creations of the inventive faculties are not recognized as property by the law unless protection be specially obtained by purchase; yet the grant from the crown, when obtained, often gives to its possessor claims far beyond the legitimate extent of his invention, and which greatly retard the progress of improvement. Numerous instances, we believe, occur of useful inventions being obstructed and prevented from being brought into public use, by some unexpired patent for an invention of no utility itself, but which, by a legal construction of its powers, gives to the possessor the monopoly of a scientific principle, though the manner in which he has applied it be worthless. Though patents in such instances operate as injurious monopolies, they are, in many cases, not worth the value of the skin of parchment whereon the grant is made. The onus of proving novelty is thrown entirely on the inventor, without any assistance whatever from the officers of the crown; and, in the absence of any official list to be referred to of previous grants, it often happens that patents are obtained for improvements long since known, or for which patents have been granted again and again. Most of the ingenious contrivances to which this country is indebted for its preëminence have originated with working men; yet, to such persons, the cost of a patent operates as an effectual barrier against their receiving adequate remuneration for their inventions. To procure letters-patent for England and the Colonies, including the subsequent specification, costs, generally, about 140*l.*; and the same sum is required without any regard to the nature or importance of the invention.

In a report referred by the council of the Society of Arts to the committee appointed to promote legislative recognition of the rights of inventors,

which has been just printed for private circulation, some useful suggestions have been made for regulating the charges for the protection of inventions. It is proposed that an inventor should have the privilege of a provisional registration of one year's duration, for which he should pay one pound; that at the end of the year he should be called upon to perfect his registration, and, on a further payment of 10*l.*, have his protection extended for five years; at the end of that period a further prolongation of five years to be obtained on payment of 50*l.*; for an additional five years, 100*l.*; and, finally, 200*l.* for a similar prolongation, and that then the right should cease altogether. The council of the Society of Arts also propose to alter the system of granting patents altogether, and to place the law affecting the rights of inventors on a basis conformable to the present state of manufacturing industry, by which the public may be protected from monopoly and inventors from spoliation and fraud.

Some valuable suggestions, more immediately connected with the protection of property in inventions exhibited in 1851, have also been made by Mr. Hill, the recorder of Birmingham, in reply to an application from the local committee of that town for his "powerful aid" in producing a repeal of the present law. Mr. Hill's great experience in the practice of the patent laws gives his opinion on the matter special value. He suggests, as a temporary measure to meet the present necessity, a plan nearly similar in effect to that of the provisional registration recommended by the council of the Society of Arts. He proposes "that an inventor, by placing his invention in the Exhibition, shall be in the same state, as regards a patent right, as if he had previously sued out his patent; subject, however, to the condition that the patent shall be sued out within some reasonable and specified time, or not at all." The obvious advantages that may be expected to flow from such an arrangement will, it is expected, show the propriety of making it permanent. As a means of meeting the difficulties which an inventor has to encounter, who, being without capital himself, dares not show his invention to others without risk of fraudulent appropriation, Mr. Hill proposes the permanent formation of an "Inventor's Mart," in which, for a limited period, inventions may be deposited, with a similar privilege to that proposed to be conceded to the exhibitors of next year.

Of the expediency of adopting these suggestions we think there cannot be a doubt. The wonder is, that the present system, which has no consistent object beyond that of exacting fees, should have been allowed to continue so long. It affords an additional example of the inertness of public men in making any improvement unless there be some strong pressure from without.

JENNY LIND AND THE SWEDISH CHURCH AT CHICAGO.—On arriving at New York the Rev. Mr. Unonius presented himself to his countrywoman, Jenny Lind, who manifested considerable interest in his mission. He spoke to her of the condition of the church, and, in reply to the question, (wholly of her own suggestion,) as to how much he needed he answered, "About six hundred dollars."

"I will give you one thousand," promptly replied the generous and charitable daughter of song, "for God enables me to earn money easily, and why should not I aid you in your good work!"—*Buffalo Courier.*